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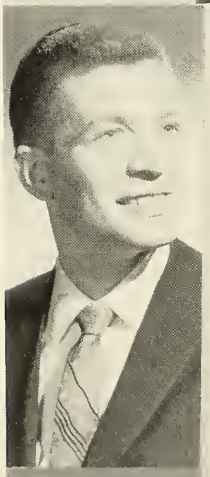
ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE STATE OF ISRAEL

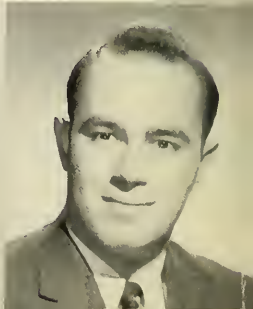
The Class of

June



1958

presents...



The Masmid

Yeshiva University

Larry Friedlander,
EDITOR

FOR THE LION HAS COME UP FROM JUDAH --

We declare that, with effect from the moment of the termination of the Mandate, being tonight, the eve of Sabbath, the 6th Iyar, 5708 (15th May, 1948), until the establishment of the elected, regular authorities of the State in accordance with the Constitution which shall be adopted by the Elected Constituent Assembly not later than the 1st October, 1948, the People's Council shall act as a Provisional Council of State, and its executive organ, the People's Administration, shall be the Provisional Government of the Jewish State, to be called "Israel".

This is the tenth year of the lion, the final year in the decade of thunder and promise. The first childhood of Israel is over, an era has ended.

It is with mixed feelings that we view this new, unaccustomed maturity. Childhood is a wonderfully gay but equally dangerous period and a prayer should surely be offered in thanks now that Israel has emerged from it so magnificently triumphant.

It would be an impertinence to assume that we could capture or report in any real way what has been happening in Israel in the pages of this book. It is only as a gesture of appreciation and pride that we, the students of Yeshiva, choose this anniversary as the theme of our book: appreciation and pride and the light touch of destiny on our shoulder. For Israel is the future, of our people, of our religion, of all that we believe in, and hope for.

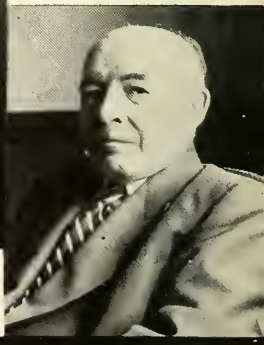
Mr. Daniel Block

Mr. Meyer Terkel

Dr. Jekuthiel Ginsburg

Rabbi Mordechai Karp

Rabbi Pinkhos Churgin



Mr. Louis Levine

A man's courage is tested in many ways: on the battlefield, in the stone wastes of the desert, in the loneliness of a man's soul.

It took a fierce courage to battle the hungry sands of the Negev, and this menorah, erected with hasty pride, proclaims in silence a people's spirit.

Oh! how the city is desolate.....

There is also a different order of courage,
the kind that leads men to devote
the promise of their lives to their fellow men.
This is the teacher's courage, this is
his battle and his triumph.

This year, six men who possessed this higher
order of courage have died. They were all men who
burned with hard brilliance, great scientists,
scholars, financiers, and they gave of their
brilliance with a lavish hand
to the students of Yeshiva University.

They have gone too soon;
they had so much more to give,
and we, we still lack so much.
Yet, in a sense, these men have not truly left
us. During their lives they granted us so much
of their knowledge and wisdom,
so much of their very being,
that we possess them, irretrievably,
within ourselves.
We would be poor indeed could we not offer
these men who have served us
with such valor and love some monument.
But it must not be of marble or brass,
objects finished and dead. Rather,
we the students must serve as their monument,
for it is in us that these men shall live on.
We must tend the seeds planted within us
to insure an eternal re-birth in the face of death
and a new flowering
after the cruel winter.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE LAND

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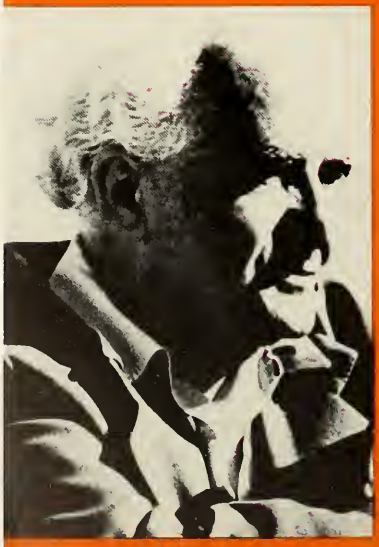
THE MEN WHO LEAD

The year April 1958 to May 1959—Iyar 5718 to Iyar 5719 in the Jewish calendar — will be a year of national celebration in Israel, marking the completion of the first decade of Israel's restored independence. I invite all our friends to visit us in Israel during our tenth year of independence.

Izhak Ben-Tsvi, President of Israel



"Our hearts are filled to overflowing with praise and thanksgiving to the Rock of Israel. But let us not delude ourselves that our work is finished. We are still at the beginning. The road stretching ahead is long and hard, and there are still many obstacles in our way . . . The sword is still girded round our loins; let us not boast as men who have taken it off.

On our festive day let us review in joy and thanksgiving the mighty deeds of the past and let us resolve to apply ourselves with all our might and all our heart to the new efforts of the future."

David Ben Gurion

Today I have founded the Jewish State. Today many would laugh at these words, but in five years more — certainly in 50 years — everyone will understand this.

1897 *Theodor Herzl*

Behind me stood nothing. But eighty generations and thousands of years spoke out of my mouth. To that voice the world's hard and practical statesmen hearkened.

1923 *Dr. Chaim Weizmann*

A State is not created by a declaration. It is built day after day, by endless toil and the labor of years, even of generations.

1948 *David Ben-Gurion*

FACULTY

Rabbi Doctor Samuel Belkin, *President of Yeshiva University*

Every graduating class of Yeshiva College leaves our institution with the blessings of its teachers and the prayerful hope that it will meet the challenges of our age.

At no prior period, however, were these expressions more applicable than today.

You, who terminate your undergraduate education at Yeshiva College in the class of '58, enter the arena of adult life when the world is at the crossroads of its very existence. I am sure that you are readily aware that the acquisition of knowledge alone was not the overriding philosophy represented at our University. For if mere knowledge were sufficient to create a better life, then the tensions besetting the world today would have been long eliminated. Man, however, requires insight, he needs understanding, he strives to find the purpose of life itself.

Yeshiva College, through the fusion of the spiritual and moral teachings of the Torah with the understanding of our universe and the peoples among whom we live, has sought to provide you with an appreciation of your heritage, to give a spiritual purpose to the human knowledge which you acquire here.

As the future leaders of our community, you bear the fearful responsibility of representing the ideals of that community in the noblest light. It is now your obligation to translate the teachings of the Torah into the manifold experiences that await you. Use your knowledge to just ends; consecrate your lives in the service of the Almighty and for the benefit of humanity; uphold your faith and traditions with dignity and honor.

I am confident that the inspiration derived at your alma mater will be treasured by you in all the years to come.

May the Almighty grant you a dedicated life, a life of peace, of blessing and of sustenance.

Samuel Belkin

Dr. Simeon L. Guterman, *Dean of Yeshiva College*

Rabbi Dr. Moses D. Tendler,
Assistant Dean

Rabbi David Mirsky,
Assistant Registrar and
Assistant Professor of Hebrew

Professor Morris Silverman,
Registrar and Assistant Professor of History

Social Sciences

A moment in the sun, . . .
the tangled shadows of a net, . . .
two men fishing on a stony beach.
Caught thus beneath the afternoon sky,
they work in a simple harmony of movement,
feeling the coarseness of raw hemp,
the liquid heat of sun on bronzed flesh,
the consciousness of each others presence.

Here on the coast of Elat,
one step of a universal dance,
the dance of humanity,
is being performed.
The intricate patterns of that dance,
however, reach out much further
than this beach, than these people,
—they spread to the narrow canyons of the city,
to the mute world of a baby's eyes,
to the saddened pomp of a funeral.

There are men who have dedicated their lives
to trace the patterns of this whirling, ceaseless dance,
who have dedicated their minds to reveal order in chaos,
to create eternal beauty out of a moment in the sun.
If their's seems a hopeless task,
let the greatness of their failure testify
to the daring of their attempt,
and let the extent of their success
testify to the valiance of the human spirit.

Dr. Helmut Adler, *Assistant Professor of Psychology*

Dr. Alexander Brody, *Professor of History and Economics*

Dr. Nathan Goldberg, *Associate Professor of Sociology*

Mr. Steven Jaffe,
Visiting Asst. Librarian

Dr. Aaron Margolith, *Prof. of Political Science*

Dr. Alexander Litman,
Professor of Philosophy

Dr. Sidney Pleskin, *Asst. Prof. of Education*

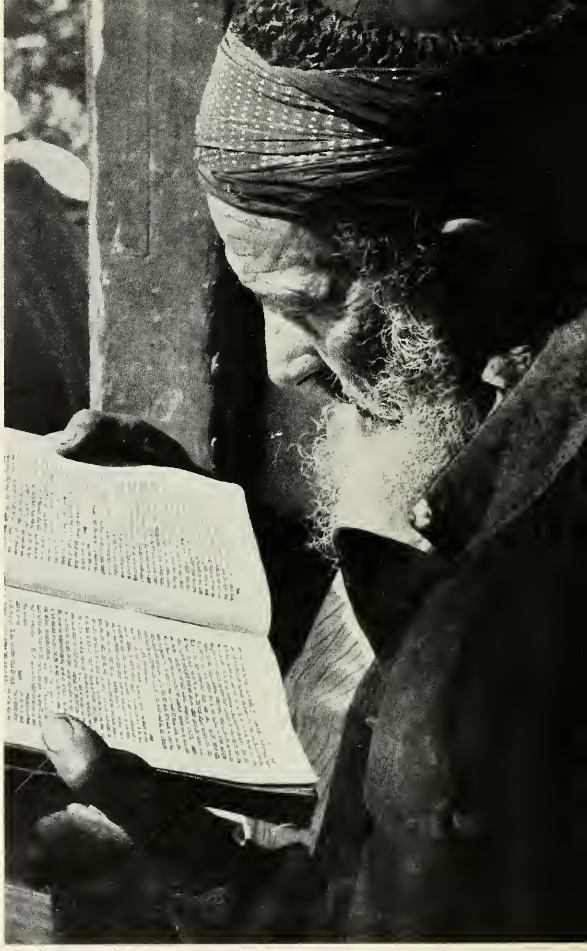
Dr. Abraham B. Hurwitz
Professor of Physicol Education

Mr. Solomon Zeides, *Assistant Librarian*

Mr. Israel Young, *Asst. Prof. of Guidance*

We are the people of the book. Ours is a heritage of countless centuries, an immeasurable heritage of learning and wisdom. We are people fixed in the intricate web of the past, creating new traditions from the silk still contained in our core. We are the silk spinners and the myth makers. And it is the book, the accumulated lore of ages, that guides and directs us.

Therefore, when the impulse to speak throbs within and our lips are filled with song, when the words come out clear and hard with quiet, intense beauty, then we must be gladdened at the miracle of language and pay our small tribute to the men who have taught us to cherish it.



Languages

Dr. Irving Linn, *Prof. of English*

Dr. Herman Wouk,
Visiting Prof. of English.

Dr. David B. Fleisher, *Prof. of English*

Rabbi Maurice Wohlgelernter,
Instructor in English

Mr. Seymour Lainoff, *Instructor in English*

Dr. Herbert S. Robinson,
Visiting Professor of English

Dr. Ralph Rosenberg, *Prof. of German*

Mr. Abraham Tauber,
Asst. Prof. of Speech

Dr. Karl Adler, *Prof. of Music.*

Mr. Irving Brannon, *Instructor in Speech*

Dr. Stanley Weintraub, *Instructor in Speech*

Dr. Louis H. Feldman,
Asst. Prof. of Classics

Dr. Walter Nallin,
Asst. Prof. of Music

Mr. Arthur Imerti, *Instructor in Speech*

and Literature

Dr. Sidney Braun, *Prof. of French*

Dr. Maurice Chernowitz,
Associate Prof. of French

Mr. Frank O'Neill, *Instructor*

Dr. Adolf Anderson,
Visiting Asst. Prof. of Chemistry

Dr. Eli M. Levine,
Prof. of Chemistry

NATURAL

Dr. Samuel Soloveichik,
Instructor in Chemistry

Dr. Moses L. Isaacs,
Professor of Chemistry

Mrs. Charlette Sponier,
Tutor in Chemistry

Mrs. Ida Dobkin, *Tutor in Chemistry*

Mr. Abraham Kasser,
Chemistry Stockroom

Mr. Perez Posen,
Instructor in Physics

Dr. Bruno Z. Kisch, *Prof. of Philosophy and History of Science*

Dr. Eli Sar, *Instructor of Hygiene*

Dr. Shelly R. Saphire, *Prof. of Biology*

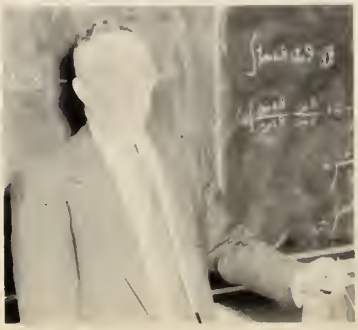
Mr. Jonah Mann, *Instructor in Mathematics*

SCIENCES

At a time when great technical competence in dealing with new sources of energy has been achieved, there exists a danger that the underlying and supporting theoretical knowledge will be lost. That system of education which involves deep study of basic principles and a concentration on basic concepts and problems remains our only assurance that such will not be the case, that there will be significant progress in scientific thought. Moreover, our faculty at Yeshiva, because of their awareness and understanding of the religious personality, can supply a subtle perspective of the spirit to the cruder outlines of such thought, and transform what might have been a technical exercise into a human art.

Dr. Arnold Lowan,

Dr. Meyer Atlas, *Prof. of Biology*



Dr. Henry Lisman, *Assoc. Prof. of Mathematics*

Jewish Studies

Dr. Moshe Reguer,
Instructor in Bible

Rabbi Asher Siev, *Instructor in Bible and Hebrew*

Rabbi Harry Wohlberg,
Asst. Prof. of Bible

The haunting sounds of these long, twisting *shofrot*
echo in the Judean hills in a solemn salute on Independence Day.
The faces of the men standing on these hills
are subtly alike, yet strangely different.
The bearded Yemenite, the dark-eyed Morrocan, the uniformed European,
these faces, these men should all stand out, framed against the sky
in their uncompromising individuality, yet they remain fused,
somehow, in one image: an Israeli mosaic.

A great experiment is being attempted in Israel: the flint-like cast-
offs of the world's cultures are being forged in the fires of a new idealism,
in the hope of producing a whole
which is greater than the sum of its parts.
There is great promise and great danger in this experiment:
the promise is of a new spirit and vitality which will set ablaze
the cooling embers of Jewish thought; the danger is
of a neglect of the wisdom and the traditions of the past.

Without roots we cannot grow; without a respected past we can have
no significant future. Study of our heritage and of those things
we hold as holy will provide us with the knowledge, the confidence
and the faith needed to advance into our destiny.

Dr. Samuel L. Sar, *Dean of Men and Prof. of Bible*

Rabbi Michael Katz
Instructor in Bible

Dr. Sidney B. Hoenig,
Professor of Jewish History

Dr. Irving A. Agus,
Prof. of Jewish History

Dr. Hyman B. Grinstein,
Prof. of Jewish History

Dr. Gershon Churgin,
Professor of Hebrew

Dr. Milton Arfa,
Assistant Prof. of Hebrew

Dr. Leo Jung,
Prof. of Ethics

Mrs. Epstein, *College Office*

Mrs. Kamiat, *College Office*

Mrs. Fischel, *College Office*

The Powers behind the throne. . . .

Mrs. Stein, *Office of Assistant Dean*

Mrs. Nadler, *Music Department*

Mrs. Philips, *Bursar's Office*

Mrs. Schew, *Bursar's Office*

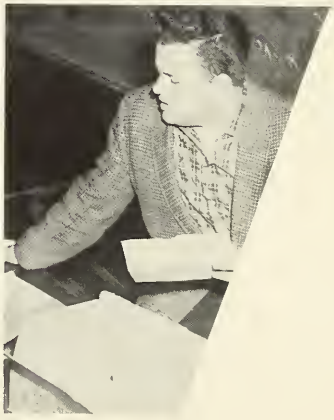
Mrs. Moskowitz, *Athletic Office*

Mrs. Levine, *Public Relations*

Mrs. Shapira, *Student Activities and Guidance Office*

THE STONE AND THE SPIRIT

this is the SENIOR . . .



SERIOUS

a creature
of many moods

SOPHISTIC

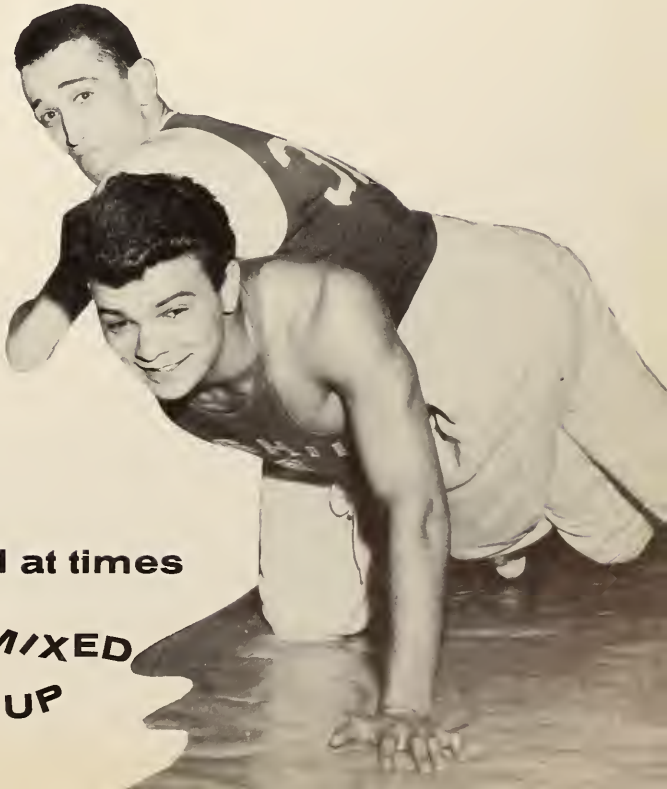
he can be gay . . .

swift . . .

pious . . .

and at times

ALL MIXED UP



for in spite of
4 years
life
is
still
difficult

registration . . .

labs . . . and

nine o'clock check-in

for the important things

FINANCES

FIANCEES

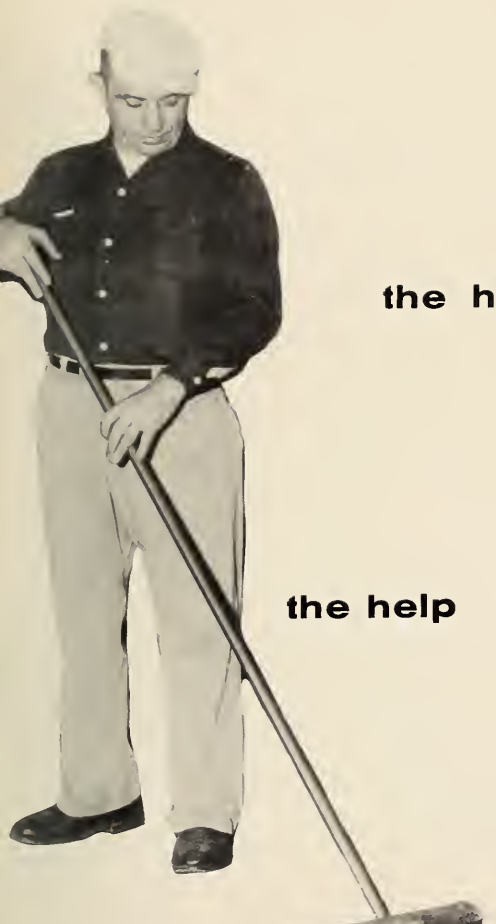
FOOD

and FRIENDS

and a quiet moment by the river

Though he is leaving

the half-empty lounge



the help

the hole in the 4th floor ceiling

and the new crop of students . . .

will remain

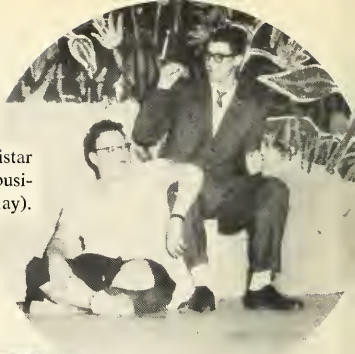
when he is long gone.

OUR ACTIVITIES

And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say; This land that was desolate is become like the Garden of Eden.

Ezekiel ch. 36, verses 34-35

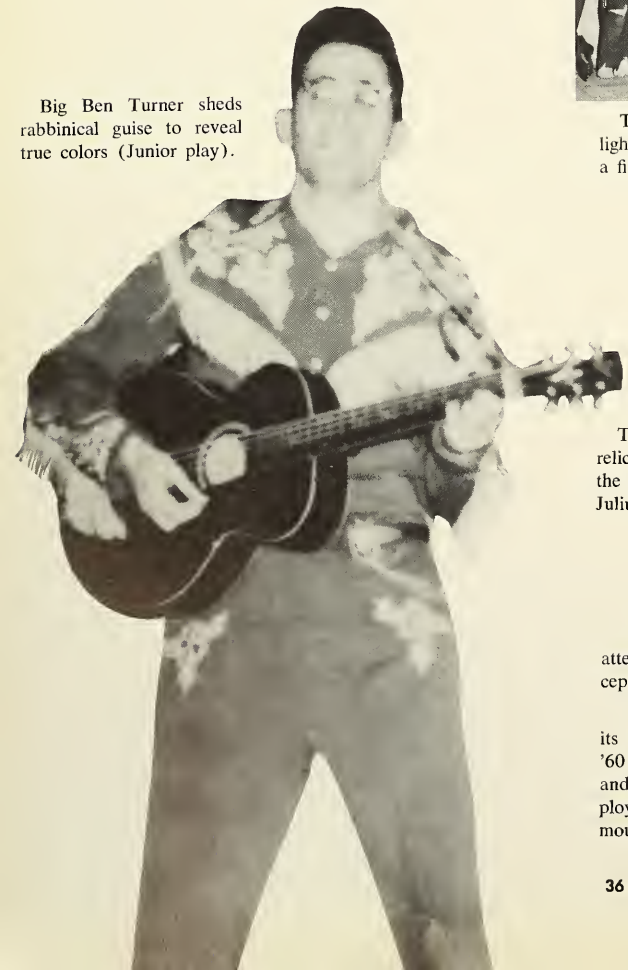
The Dean and Mrs. Guterman arrive, in spite of the snow.



The Hirsch-Snyder Registar Corporation talking over business problems (Sophomore play).

Dean's

The Sophomore Cast engages in that delightful pastime: applauding themselves for a fine performance.



Big Ben Turner sheds rabbinical guise to reveal true colors (Junior play).

The discovery of an important relic sets off a hot feud between the Messiah and a latter-day Julius Ceasar (Sophomore play).

Tunneling their way through the deep snow, 400 people attended Yeshiva's social event of the year—The Dean's Reception, at the Joan of Arc High School.

The tradition of presenting class plays was continued for its third successive year and second snowstorm. The class of '60 started the evening with their play, *Pleasure Island,* written and acted by half of that class. Any resemblance of the employees of the Book of Knowledge Co. (Murky, Brainoff, Fieldmous, etc.) to living characters was purely coincidental.

Blacky (Jules Rosenberg) and Whitey Snow (Eli Berlinger) battle for control of the *Batlanim*. But all's well that ends well (Junior play).

Reception

Counsels for the defense, Matisyahu Weisenberg and Mandell Ganchrow, watch prosecutor Jeremiah Wohlberg deliver his summation (Senior play).

The Senior class play, *Human Errors All,* written by Simon Gluck and Ephraim Zimand, was a courtroom drama dealing with the execution of an innocent man during the Israeli-Arab war on charge of treason. The play was written in conjunction with the theme of *Masmid.* When the snowstorm prevented Joseph Chervin's appearance as prosecutor, Mendy Ganchrow showed an excellent command of that role as the substitute. Other outstanding performances were given by Abe Shapiro as defendant Col. Rosen, Larry Friedlander as witness Richard Reynolds-Walker, and Jerry Wohlberg as a defense attorney. Herman Stone directed.

The play that won the *Simeon Guterman Award* was Eli Berlinger's, *Whitey Snow and the Seven Sages.* This is the second successive year that the '59 class has received that coveted award.

Even though Whitey Snow was snowed-out, the junior class ably presented their plea for a society of Batlans as author Berlinger substituted. Irv Goldsmith demonstrated his talmudic sagacity when he discussed the complicated story of the goose and the . . . donkey.

JEREMIAH WOHLBERG, *President*

It is difficult to review a year as complicated in its details and as far-reaching in its results as this one has been. The vantage point of a president is a peculiar one: it is at once more intimate and more confused than the ordinary student's for he is so close he sometimes mistakes the forest for the trees. Therefore, in spite of personal disappointment, I think much has been achieved.

Most important, I think this year has seen a significant breakthrough in student-administration relations, our most perennial problem. The foremost indication of this move forward is the revamping of the faculty-student relations committee which allows, for the first time in our history, a real student participation and effective channels for mutual understanding. Students have now been granted equal voting power and a chance to chair the meetings. The Fleisher committee has recently endorsed and submitted for approval a new and broad program which outlines a basic philosophy of student duties and privileges.

I was extremely pleased with their findings which tended to allow our government freer movement of activity and thought than we have recently known. I hope for the eventual good of the entire school that the administration receives it with the enthusiasm it deserves.

The alumni organization has come to realize this year the absolute necessity for close contact with the students and the need to establish some real and permanent basis of mutual cooperation. Let them only remember that what we need so very badly are not luncheons but guidance programs, not talks but understanding.

Our relations with the administration could have been, to speak gently, more amicable. I hope that, if a new philosophy of student government will be adopted, the administration's attitudes will change accordingly. If they do not, then future friction is inevitable and the greatest loser will be, not the student government *per se*, but the school as a whole.

This year has been a time of transition; the future is uncertain. I can only hope that it turns out to be all that it can be.

Jeremiah Wohlberg

ALAN M. GREENSPAN, *Vice-President*

ROBERT HIRT, *Secretary-Treasurer*

CLASS OFFICERS

Presidents, 1st row: Freshmen, Joel Meyers; Sophomores, Benjamin Hirsch; Juniors, Mordecai Gerstein; Seniors; Sidney Kwestel.

Vice-Presidents, 2nd row: Freshmen, Joseph D. Lifschitz; Sophomores, Steven Riskin; Juniors, Abraham Mann (missing); Seniors, Tsvi Nussbaum.

Representatives, 3rd row: Freshmen, Harris Guedalia; Sophomores, Robert Schectman; Juniors, Jack Prince; Seniors, Herbert A. Friedman.

Moses Berlin makes a point at a meeting.

Mr. Hirsch pontificates

2:30 A.M. — and it's all over.

CO-OP

The beginning of the school year saw the "Co-op" stores experiment with a new "checkout system" which was fortunately soon checked out. Like prisioners, the customers were required to march in through one door and file out past the cash register eagerly awaiting them at the other door. The only consolation prizes for this embarrassing feat were the large paper bags accompanying every purchase—no matter how small.

The Co-op managers - Charles Patt '58 and Izzy Bick '59—soon gave up their "file and bag" notions and, instead, settled down to the actual task of management. The first warning sign of this change came as a huge *caveat emptor* poster was placed at the now-one entrance to the store. Fortunately, Mr. Patt was unable to read this new sign—for he had not studied the classical languages—and it was possible to do business with him . . . and beat him.

Through the efforts of Mr. Bick, the Co-op's hi-fi set was sold and the money was invested in stamps. Surprisingly enough, there was a "record" sale of music discs as many a customer exchanged the shirt on his back for the latest Rock-and-Roll *Modziter* record. This led the manager to expand the store by selling shirts, shoes, socks, hats, and finally, even pants. Deciding to sell absolutely necessary articles as well, the Co-op is now stocked with pillows bearing the Y. U. emblem, Y. U. ashtrays for mooched cigarettes, and dogs with Y. U. collars advertised as Chanuka presents for the Rebbi.

Co-op managers, Charles Patt and Israel Bick

The dominant policy of the Co-op has been to imitate the philosophy of Yeshiva . . . expansion and more expansion. The result is that the Co-op has never been so well stocked, and it will probably take years before the merchandise will be disposed of.

One positive aspect to be encouraged is the silent contract between the students and the Co-op requiring that the textbooks should not be ready at the start of the term. This is beneficial to all since it means a vacation for the teachers, the students, and—of course— the Co-op!

Co-op Staff: 1st row, Judah Landau, Israel Bick, Myron Thurm. 2nd row, Eliezer Kirshblum, Edward Rosenbaum, Herman Stane, Daniel Rich. Charles Patt, Matisyah Weisenberg, Baruch Rapaport,

"Oh—this cash register!"

"Oof—it's worse than Delancey Street"

"Oh—These record covers!"

"There must be a way I can get some of this money!"

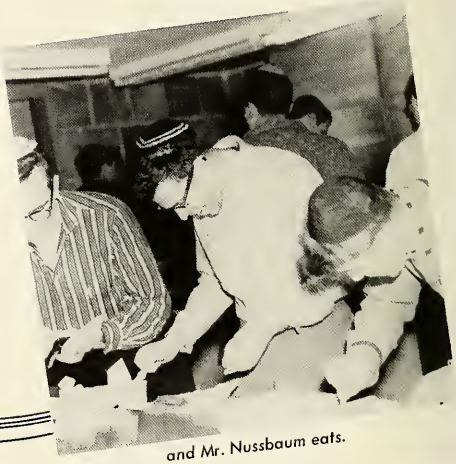
"Ugh, there it goes . . . all seltzer again!"

Dr. Agus talks . . .

"Rabbi" Kalbach sings . . .

Student activities ranged far and wide this year, but, in spite of our strenuous efforts, the school still stands. One "lark" of a somewhat serious nature was the G.R.E. (General Rioting against Exams) which went off with a bang, with several bangs in fact.

The traditional *chagigas* were held and the traditional spirit was maintained, as the students sang, danced, and talked with their "visitors."



and Mr. Nussbaum eats.

"Has the senior class lost its marbles?"

"F.T.A.!"

Bastille Day, July 14th

OUR CLUBS

clubs

The major obstacle facing the club program this year was an excess of clubs and a limited amount of Thursdays. For example, at least six Thursdays of the fall term were unavailable for club meetings on account of holidays.

This situation resulted in times such as Thursday, November 14th, 1957, when, in one afternoon, the Sociology Society, The Biology Society and the IRS invited noted speakers to address the members of their clubs, while the Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics Societies presented a highly interesting film. The students, viewing this chaos, reacted in two different ways: Some, though anxious to participate, couldn't decide which club to attend — and, therefore, attended none; the others wouldn't attend a club anyway. Even Rabbi Lessin's "mussar" club, meeting in the Holy of Holies on the second floor, lacked its usual attendance; the "minyan" problem had finally reached the *Mashgiach's* office.

SOCIOLOGY CLUB

seated: Simcha Gluck; Bernard Silverstein; Joel Daner; Jerry Wahlberg; back row: Samuel Frank; Morton Minchenberg; Micha Oppenheim; Chaim Najmon; Meyer Berglas; Morton Rosenberg; Louis Raymon; Marshall Weintraub.

TALENT CLUB

seated: David Winter; Micha Oppenheim; William Klein; Jay Friedman. back row: Joseph Lifschitz; Edword Rosenbaum; Meyer Berglas; Benjamin Turner, president; Jerry Wahlberg; Abe Shapiro; Joseph Deitcher.

CHESS CLUB

seated: David Winter; Edward Rasenbaum; Abe Shapiro; back row: Tsvi Nussbaum; Matisyahu Weisenberg; Jay Friedman; Joshua Gortler.

LITERARY SOCIETY

seated: Benjamin Hirsch, vice president: Larry Friedlander, president. standing: Herman Stone; Mike Frank; Benjamin Richler.

Of the clubs which were able to accomplish something, the LITERARY SOCIETY is surely outstanding. At least it talked more than any other club. The ostensible function of this long-haired society is to disseminate the higher influence of literature. This task was well performed by its members, as they disseminated the seeds of knowledge over broad but thinly populated areas of students. Its real function is to give the members a chance to "shoot the breeze" about the sundry and the silly. Discussions, vociferous and prolonged, were held on the problems of realism in fiction, on the effect of pocket books on the general morals, and on the need for the Literary Society.

Surprisingly enough, the society stopped talking long enough to listen to records, Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell" in particular—a fitting play for our institution. At this meeting it was decided, after due deliberation, that Charles Boyer should learn how to speak English correctly, that Charles Laughton was a poor devil, and that Shaw should be placed on the Dean's subversive list. The members of the Literary Society have since been placed high on that same list.

The SOCIOLOGY SOCIETY was rocked by political conflict: Bernard Silverstein '58, in a bitter civil war, contested the votes that had elected Simon Gluck '58 to the presidency. A compromise was soon arrived at whereby these two became the sole members of a Presidium. The only person duly elected without politics or conflicts was the secretary-treasurer, Joel Daner '60.

The first meeting was well attended as eager Yeshiva boys came to listen to, or to look at — Miss Frieda Mowshowitz and Miss Martha Lewis, both of the New York City Youth Board, who discussed, *Horizons in Social Work*. At another meeting, the Sociology Society broke all attendance records when over one hundred students flocked to a meeting to be informed by the Reverend W. A. Matthews, chief rabbi of the Hebrew-Ethiopian Congregation of America, that we are all of negroid blood, that ducks are not kosher because of their split toes, and that there are one hundred thousand

Black Jews in America. Our own Assistant Dean, Rabbi M. Tendler, lectured on "The Jewish Conception of Marriage." However, he spoke mostly on contraception, which was, no doubt, his prerogative. Under the leadership of the Sociology Society's faculty advisor, Prof. N. Goldberg, the members of the urban sociology class gave up their Election Day vacation to visit the "model, planned city" of Radburne. It was discovered, however that Radburne was neither a model, nor planned, nor a city. The Sociology Society also exhibited a display of pictures, articles, and reports on the Negro Jews.

The modest members of the old Hobby Club finally changed the name of their conclave to the TALENT CLUB. Reasons for this change were not

PSYCHOLOGY CLUB AND PSI CHI

seated: Matisyahu Weisenberg, vice president of Psi Chi; Edward Berger, president of Psi Chi and Psychalogy Club; Jerame Walicki, vice president of Psychalogy Club. middle row: Henry Baak; Abe Siegelman; Sheldan Hirsch; Charles Patt; Jashua Gartler. back raw: Tsvi Mussbaum; Benjamin Hirsch; Avery Harris; Abner Graff; David Winter.

YOUNG DEMOCRATS

Speaking Mandell Ganchraw, president; front seated: Nathan Meiselman; Beniamin Hirsch; Saul Granchraw; Alfred Chaikin; Oscar Kranz; David Rathner; back raw: Jerry Wahlberg; Benjamin Turner; Elliatt Ginsberg; Allan Greenspan.

given, but it is suspected that the earlier name sounded too much like the Hobo Club.

The *Pelvis Pretzley* of Yeshiva, Benjamin J. Turner '59, gyrated himself to the position of president, using his guitar as a new advertising medium. Still pulling rabbits out of professors' skull caps, "Doc" Greenspan, '58 amused his club and class with his prestidigitarian feats.

Due to the clubs increasing search for talent, Yeshiva has been privileged to hear the newest answer to Gene Krupa. His name is Allan Mandell '61, whose drumming has been perfected through

years of practice on wastepaper baskets and desktops. He is accompanied by the gypsy strings of Gerard Marx and his violin. Daniel Sklar, by the excellence of his imitations of various administrators at Yeshiva, has gained the position of No. 1 pantomimist of the talent troupe.

"Doc" Hurwitz, an expert magician on his own, is the club's advisor and arranged, during the year, club performances in hospitals, Jewish centers, and women's organizations throughout the country.

Triumphantly regaining a position lost some three years ago, Louis Taubenblat '58, assumed the presidency of the CHESS CLUB. Charlie Patt '58, mathematical wizard, won his way to the vice-presidency. Jack Finkelstein, the club's secretary, has been following Mr. Patt's every move, hoping to grasp his coveted knowledge (Patt plays chess with the aid of laws of probability), as well as Mr. Taubenblat's position, by next year.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

front seated: Mardecai Kaenigsberg, vice president; Herbert Friedman, president; Norman Zabrowsky, secretary; middle row: Tsvi Nussbaum; William Klein; Allen Schulman; Joseph Rifkind; Naftali Friedman. back row: Norman Ruttner; Murray Laulicht; Paul Lieberman; Judah Landau; Herman Stone; Abraham Finkel.

The highlight on the team's agenda was the visit of the International Grand Master, Samuel Reshevsky, on March 11. He participated in a simultaneous exhibition in which 30 players took part . . . and were soundly beaten. The match was made possible through the American Chess Foundation. Mr. Reshevsky was presented with a list of schools by the foundation and he selected Yeshiva College as

the school he would like most to beat.

The PSYCHOLOGY CLUB, as well as its more selective Indian club (ooh, that hurt!), PSI-CHI, was headed by Edward Berger '58. The time-worn proposal that all its members submit to a series of psychological tests was again rejected. This, of course, shifted responsibility to our hibernating Guidance Department which lies safely in the basement under the protection of the brawny Athletic Office.

The highlight of the year, for both the clubs, was a discussion led by Mr. Nelson Storch, a doctoral candidate at Y.U., on the "Applications of Hypnosis in Psychology." By the end of this discussion, Mr. Storch, discovering a few students in a hypnotic sleep, proceeded to demonstrate that the hand could be made insensitive to fire by holding a lit match to his fingers. This new form of "hot-foot" was applauded by the audience, and the Talent Club requested Mr. Storch's address.

With all the objectors in hypnotic sleep, it was quite simple to elect Matisyahu Weisenberg, '58, vice-president, and Israel Perlmutter, secretary-treasurer of Psi-Chi.

Its avowed aim being to keep the student body well informed in the various fields of medicine and medical education, the PRE-MEDICAL SOCIETY, under the leadership of Joseph Singer '58, president, and William P. Klein '58, vice-president, invited many speakers to address the future pill-pushers.

PHYSICS CLUB

Lecturing: Professor Lowan; seated: Louis Rayman; Joshua Schuchatowitz; Edward Rosenbaum; Naftali Friedman; Paul Liberman; Jack Prince; back row: Michael Greenbaum; Larry Greenfield; Meyer Berglas; Jack Safra; Marris Katz; Judah Levine; Miltan Pine.

The society concerned itself with the same problems plaguing the pre-med student in Yeshiva . . . how to get accepted into medical school. Its first meeting had the advisor, Dr. Shelly Saphire, discuss the problems involved in applying to these schools.

Using the facilities of our sister school (can that be the right term?), the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, the Pre-Med Society invited Dr. Abraham White, associate dean of the college, to lead an informal discussion on the unique education in *the first medical college under Jewish auspices.* Similarly, Dr. Lester Schwartz, instructor of psychiatry at the medical school and director of the In-Patient Department of the Bronx Municipal Hospital, was invited to discuss the various aspects of psychiatric treatment. Those students who were impressed by such sonorous terms as *dementia praecox, triskaideka phobia* and *megalomania* decided to abandon the society in favor of the Psychology Club.

Those students who expected a sales talk on Lilly cups at the second meeting of the society were instead surprised with a film on the activities of the Lilly Pharmaceutical Company.

The conscientious work of its president, Herbert Friedman '58, has been instrumental in bringing about the improvements in the CHEMISTRY SOCIETY this past year. The level of lectures, talks, and films was lowered enough to make them interesting and understandable even to those students who major in chemistry.

BIOLOGY SOCIETY

seated: Abraham Finkel, secretary; Sandy Katz, president; Gerald Friederwitzer; back row: Sheldan Hirsch; Samuel Kaye; Raphael Levine; William Klein; Samuel Rasenthal; Robert Klein; Shalom Landsman.

Another scientific club was the BIOLOGY SOCIETY, led by wrestler *Killer* Katz. The club was more successful than its leader has been on the wrestling mat, especially with the help given by Abe Finkel '59, the secretary-treasurer.

A large number of students attended a lecture by Dr. Eli Goldsmith, Coordinator of Research at N. Y. U. Dr. Goldsmith spoke of the advances that have been made in the field of research, and was hopeful that some students at Yeshiva might put to use their Talmudic acumen in developing this field. Another interesting meeting took place when the club presented a film on the efficiency of antibodies.

The first meeting, however, was devoted to the goddess, *Tachlis,* as Dr. Levine discussed the various opportunities in chemistry. At a later meeting Dr. Seymour Lewin of New York University spoke on "Chemical Instrumentation," attempting to prove that instruments can take the place of professors.

Stirred by patriotic fervor and an understandable desire for fame, the club is seeking to join a national chemistry fraternity and receive accreditation by the American Chemical Society.

Led by governor Mendy Ganchrow '58, the AFFILIATED YOUNG DEMOCRATS were easily as successful in their program as was Adlai Stevenson in the presidential election.

Like Platonic *Amen* sayers (Dr. Litman take note), the Young Dems passed a resolution, in an election-meeting, calling for a "yes" vote on the six amendments listed on the ballot. Another "yes" was proposed in connection with the question of a constitutional convention. Unfortunately, the state was not impressed and the prophetic powers of the

PRE MED SOCIETY

seated: Samuel Rasenthal; William Klein, vice president; Joseph Singer, president; Samuel Kaye. middle row: Raphael Levine; Keith Harvey; Lester Pollack; Joel Meyers; Joel Kaplan; Mathan Meiselman; Mendy Ganchrow; Jacob Nusbacher. back row: Ralph Carmel; Alan Bronstein; Alfred Choikin; Hermon Stone; Oscor Kranz.

MATH CLUB

seated: Marshall Weintraub; Edward Rasenboum; Charles Patt, president; Jack Prince, vice president; Joshua Schuchatowitz; Richard Barth; back row: Jerry Blan; Miltan Pine; Meyer Berglas; Gerold Frankel; Harvey Senter; Louis Raymon; Michael Greenbaum; Marvin Wiener.

Young Dems were severely questioned. The highlight of the year was the loudest "Amen" of all: a resolution lauding Governor A. Harriman. It is believed that Sidney Kwestel '58, the vice-president of the club, was instrumental in formulating the policies of the club, basing them on the many philosophy courses Mr. Kwestel has attended.

That such a club as the Young Dems exists at Yeshiva was revealed at a pre-election assembly, when Mr. Ganchrow invited Mrs. Anna Cross to address his club.

P. S. She never did.

Moving from the humanities to the sciences, we come to Dr. Arnold N. Lowan's PHYSICS CLUB. This club has only recently reappeared, after an absence of quite a few years.

If things had turned out differently, we might have stated that the club was better left unrevived. However, its extraordinary achievements deprive us of this opportunity. During the first term, the club was effective even though it did not elect any formal officers . . . a peculiar contrast to Yeshiva. In conjunction with the Chemistry Society, the club presented the televised movie "The Strange Case of the Cosmic Rays," a Disney-like film dealing with the "building blocks of matter."

A number of discussions were led by Dr. Lowan on the significance of Einstein's transformation equation $E=mc^2$, on the implication of the cosmic rays, and on other selected topics which only Prof. Lowan fully understood.

To bring the talks down to the level of the members' understanding, the Physics Club invited a speaker from the U. S. Civil Service to discuss the opportunities in government work. Most students

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SOCIETY

seated David Winter; Micha Oppenheim; Jay Friedman, president; Simcha Gluck, secretary and treasurer; back row: Allan Greenspan; Meyer Berglas; Murray Laulicht; Tsvi Ingber.

PRE-LAW SOCIETY

Lecturing: Jerry Whalberg; seated: Bernard Silverstein; Abe Shapira; Jay Friedman; Simcha Gluck; back row: Allan Greenspan; Benjamin Turner; Edward Rosenbaum; Joseph Lifschitz; Murray Laulicht; Elliott Ginsberg.

CHUG LURI

seated: Matisyahu Weisenberg, vice president; Robert Klein, president; Gerald Blidstein, secretary; middle row: Mashe Yaged; Joshua Gartler; Naftali Friedman; Tsvi Klein; David Winter; Jerry Blau; back row: Abe Shapiro; Albert Hornblass; Jay Friedman.

were convinced that the only work possible with a federal agency—based on the education acquired at Yeshiva—would be a job as a private in the U. S. Army. Some members doubted even that.

A companion group to the Physics Club is our MATH CLUB. It is headed by Charles Patt '59, whose incredibly swift computations at Co-op's cash register have brought him great renown.

In recognition of the eminent position occupied by the Department of Mathematics of Yeshiva University throughout the world—(even the public relations posters say so)—the club devoted this year to the technical problems of requirements, conditions for Sabbath observers, and desirable courses in graduate schools. This was accomplished by inviting former Yeshiva students, now in graduate schools, to address the club. These speakers pointed to a wide gap between the mathematics education acquired in college and the more difficult work to be done in graduate school. These speakers also proclaimed that there are many schools whose departments are *worse* than Yeshiva's.

In line with almost every other club, speakers from the New York State and Civil Service Commissions were invited to sell their wares to the practical-minded mathematics students. It seems that only Charlie Patt, with his job as Co-op manager, is in a fairly secure position.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

seated: Howard Goldberg; Marris Saperstein, president; Leonard Berlinsky; back row: Steven Nisan; William Kantarawitz; Allan Renkaff; Aaron Segal.

FRENCH CLUB AND PI DELTA PHI

Herman Klein; William Klein, secretary and treasurer; Joseph Deitcher, president; Leonard Shapira, vice president; Max Lew; David Winter.

MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB

seated: William Golub; Mike Frank, president; Samuel Kaye; back row: Benjamin Richler; Benjamin Hirsch; Herman Stane; Allan Branstein; Allen Greenspan.

ERANOS

seated: Israel Bick, vice president; Freddy Lasser, president; back row: Saul Berman; Larry Friedlander.

The INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SOCIETY decided to remain *national* by stressing the advances made by the Negroes in the United States. The Little Rock crisis stimulated some of the discussions led by the club's recently married president, Jay Friedman '58. Other officers of the club were Bernard Silverstein '58, vice-president, and Simon Gluck '58, secretary-treasurer.

The club's main attraction was a speaker from the N.A.A.C.P. who was very optimistic about the future of the American Negro.

The sounds of music reverberating through the halls of the college floor were no longer heard after the Co-op sold its hi-fi set. In order to fill this void, The MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB made an all-out effort to keep music alive, at least on Thursday afternoons from 2:30 to 3:30 p.m.

The members of this club let down their long hair to listen to operas, concertos and sonatas. To attract the crew-cutted Yeshiva student, the club varied its program by introducing rock 'n roll, jazz and folk music. Even the long-haired college secretaries became interested in this club.

An experiment performed a few years ago has become an established institution of the club. The Musiquiz is welcomed by the students as an additional source of income.

Another intellectual society is the Latin-Greek ETA SIGMA PHI, ably led by Saul J. Berman '59 and Israel Bick '59.

ART CLUB

seated: Jay Kloner, president; William Galub; back row: Larry Friedlander; Allan Greenspan.

The Gamma Delta chapter of the Sigma Phi, national honorary classical society, presented its members with various lectures "synthesizing" the classical and Jewish subjects. Israel Perlmutter '58, for example, discussed "the Books of the Apocrypha" to an audience of students still unfamiliar with the Bible. On another occasion, Doctor Louis H. Feldman, the club's advisor, taking time off from reading assignments to his students, addressed the club on "The Greek and Jewish Ethics." It was unanimously agreed at this meeting that Doctor Feldman's long reading assignments and difficult tests were definitely unethical—from the Jewish as well as the Greek point of view.

An interesting discussion took place when Professor Konrad Gries of Queens College spoke on the topic "Why Latin?" Inspired by the words of Professor Gries, the Eta Sigma Phi sponsored a contest in the Yeshiva High Schools in order to encourage the students to continue the study of Latin.

The FRENCH CLUB and the PHI DELTA PHI, with the active help of Dr. Sidney Braun, faculty advisor, had an interesting and profitable year. The *Raconter,* the only foreign-language paper in the school, was once again published and plans are well under way for another issue of the prize-winning *Flambeau,* the French scholarly magazine.

Under the leadership of Joseph Deitcher, president of the French club, and Jay Braverman, president of Phi Delta Phi, many meetings were held of general French interest, and eminent men were invited to speak on French literature. Sessions in French conversation were held, giving the boys a chance for practical experience in the language.

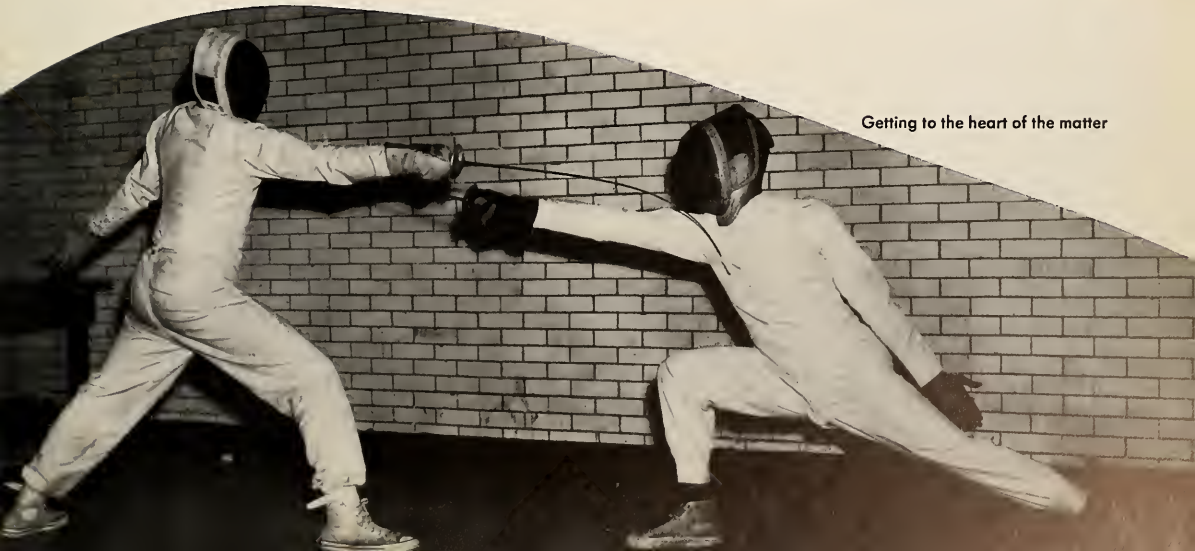
OUR SPORTS

In the summer of 1955. Norman Palefski. class of '58 died in a tragic automobile accident. Because Norman was one of the most promising young athletes this school has seen, we wish to dedicate the sports section of this magazine to his memory. Because he was also, above and beyond his athletic prowess, an impressive human being, we will always treasure that same memory. Norman achieved in a brief time, with almost effortless ease, that fusion of strength and easy brilliance which remains the highest goal of human life. He will remain an inspiration to all those who knew him.

Even basketball stars must study

"Hey, we're winnin' "

FENCING



Getting to the heart of the matter

Mr. Bernard Sarachek
Basketball Coach

Mr. Eli Epstein
Tennis Coach

Mr. Hyman Weitstein
Ass't. Prof. of Physical Education

The 1957-58 sports year came in like a lamb and stayed that way for most of the season. A great deal of reorganization went on, with the teams, crippled by the departure of experienced members, carefully laying the foundations for future and, we hope, sucessful seasons.

This was especially true of our basketball squad, which was considerably weakened by the absence of such players as: Irwin Blumenreich, "Mr. Basketball"; Al Helfer; Herbert Schlussel. Coach Bernard Sarachek, celebrating his thirteenth year at Yeshiva, was almost literally forced to start from scratch. Considering the youth of the team, the record for the year is quite good. All regretted, however, that "Red's" bar-mitzvah season could not have been more uniformly successful.

The wrestling team, hardly emerged from the "diaper" period (this was their second year in intercollegiate competition), was still wrestling with a difficult problem: finding enough good men to put up an effective showing. The team, hampered by numerous injuries and insufficient time to really get into shape (a problem facing all our teams), was unable to win a match. The team, however, remains one of the most popular and colorful attractions on the Y.U. sport's scene, and the hopes for next year, with the able Hank Wittenberg in charge, are high. The Greeks may win out, someday.

Thanks are due to the Lord for our fencing team, and for having supplied us with the services of that mentor *par excellence,* Arthur Tauber. Though there have been whispers in the corridors that it is monotonous to win so continuously, we are registering no complaints. The Y.U. swordsmen swept through a victorious season, and the prospects for fair weather for the next few years, at least, seem assured.

This magazine goes to press before the tennis season, unfortunately, has progressed far in any direction. It is clear, however, that coach Eli Epstein has lost some of his most experienced players via the graduation route and must begin to develop some new *netmen* to fill their place. Chances for a good season seem fairly bright, with a few hard-hitting seniors leading the team.

Sport seasons seem to run in cycles, and if last year was the culmination of one such cycle, this season seems to have been the beginning of a new one. Nothing very flashy happened, there were no Madison Square Garden's, but a lot of constructive ground work was laid for the future. There is promising young material in almost every team, always a healthy situation, and we can surely look forward to seasons which shall roar like a lion from beginning to end.

Mr. Hank Wittenberg
Wrestling Coach

Mr. Arthur Tauber
Fencing Cooch

BASKETBALL

Coach Bernie Sarachek, beginning his "bar-mitzvah" season, found himself with a basketball team that lacked a seasoned big man with rebounding ability. His problem was compounded by the loss of "Red" Blumenreich, Herb Schlussel, and Al Helfa from last year's team.

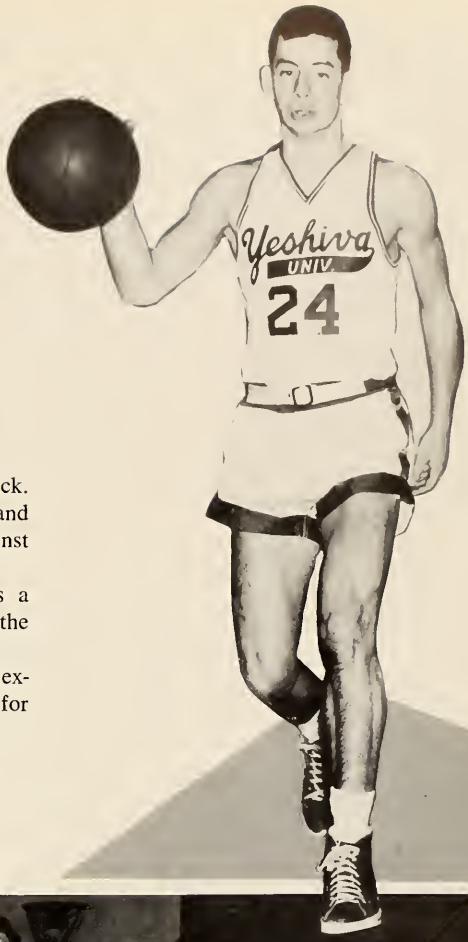
In the first two games of the season, the inexperienced squad faced its two toughest opponents of the season: St. Francis and Army. The mites fell by the scores 85-67 and 98-67, respectively.

The team finally broke into the win column with a resounding 72-63 victory over favored L. I. U.

One of the most controversial and exciting games of the season was the Kings College contest. Apparently feeling that they wanted their opponents to have a fair chance, the mites decided to play the last few moments with only three men (the rest had fouled out). But Kings wasn't that bad and they managed to beat us by one point, 81-80.

Faced with the possibility of a disastrous record, the mighty mites stormed back to win 4 consecutive games before finally bowing to Brooklyn in the season's final, 91-79. The team's record for the season was 9-13.

The team was led by Irv Bader, 6′ 1″ forward, who sank 364 points for a 17.3 average. Following close on his heels was Sandy Ader with 362 points and a 17.2 average. He also was the team's leading rebounder, with a total of 208 or 9.9 per game.



The rookie of the year was Nissim Wernick. The former Y.U.H.S. star tallied 199 points and garnered 167 rebounds. His 20 rebounds against Kings was high for the season.

Bill Goldstein, third leading scorer, was a solid, consistent ballplayer throughout the season.

With the whole team returning next year except for Captain Ira Steinmetz, the chances for a winning season are fairly brighter.

Front—Coach Bernie Sarachek, Irving Bader, Ira Steinmetz, Herbert Grossman, Louis Korngold, Steve Jacobs, Manager.
Rear—Stuart Badian, Gary Baum, Gary Sarinsky, Sanford Ader, Nissim Wernick.

YESHIVA UNIVERSITY RECORD
BASKETBALL

YESHIVA	OPPONENT		DATE
69	St. Francis	85	Dec. 3
67	Army	98	Dec. 4
49	Adelphi	67	Dec. 7
72	L. I. U.	63	Dec. 11
75	Quinnipiac	86	Dec. 14
100	Pace	57	Dec. 16
61	Rutgers-Newark	43	Dec. 18
57	Hunter	63	Jan. 4
55	Rider	91	Jan. 8
80	Kings College (Pa.)	81	Jan. 11
92	Bridgeport	76	Jan. 18
91	Polytech. Inst. of Bklyn.	85	Jan. 29
62	Fairfield	85	Feb. 5
82	Fairleigh Dickinson	102	Feb. 8
65	Queens	67	Feb. 10
57	Scranton	76	Feb. 15
82	U. S. State Marine	66	Feb. 20
96	Cooper Union	66	Feb. 22
94	N. Y. State Maritime	75	Feb. 24
109	C. W. Post	66	Feb. 26
79	Brooklyn	91	Mar. 1

UNIV.
42

FENCING

The school's most consistent winning team, the fencing squad, swept through an impressive season.

Coach Arthur Tauber had lost 10 seniors via the graduation route. He only had 3 seniors returning, Lenny "the redhead" Shapiro, Captain Jack Chinitz, and "Doc" Greenspan. The rest of the team consisted of juniors and sophomores. In fact, all three saber squad members were sophomores.

But the team responded to their coach's tutelage and moved through their first 3 matches with comparative ease. They suffered their first defeat of the season at the hands of Columbia by a score of 20-7. There was no stigma attached to this defeat; Columbia later went on to win the Eastern championship.

The team snapped back to win their next four before being upset by Pace College, 12-15.

The most exciting match of the season was played against Drew College. After 26 bouts, the score was tied 13 to 13. Up stepped the hero of the evening, Lenny Shapiro, for the final match. With easy skill he vanquished his Drew opponent 5-2, and gave Yeshiva a narrow 14-13 margin.

The team ended the season with an impressive 9-2 record.

Notice that form!

Yeshiva fencers show their form during a practice session in the gym.

Front Row, L. to R.: Alan Greenspan, Jack Chinitz and Leonard Shapiro. Back Row, L. to R.: Abraham Aronson, Jack Nussbacher, Raphael Levine, Kenneth Klein, Jules Rosenberg, Jay Dykeman, Joel Goldberg, Jack Finkelstein, Aaron Liebowitz.

FENCING TEAM'S RECORD FOR YEAR

	OPPONENT	YESHIVA
Adelphi	10	17
Queens College	8	16
St. Peter's	12	15
Columbia	20	7
Drew	13	14
Fairleigh Dickinson	11	16
Brooklyn	12	15
Brooklyn Poly	12	15
Pace	15	12
Rutgers	12	15
Cooper Union	12	15

RECORD: 9-2

They don't like you, All

Faced with repeated injuries and an inexperienced squad, the wrestling team was unable to win a single match.

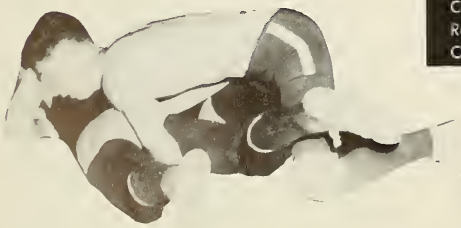
At the beginning of the year, the new coach, Hank Wittenberg, former U. S. Olympic champion, thought the team would be able to hold its own in many matches. And it is true, the team was never shut out—even against such top teams as N. Y. U., Albany State Teacher's College, and the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. However, the team's inexperience was unfortunately evident.

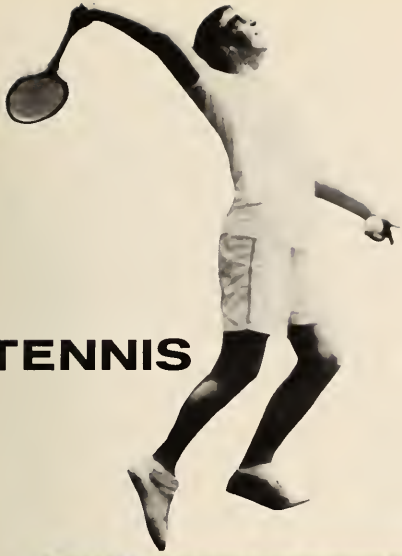
In the next-to-the-last match of the season (against Rutgers of Newark), the team put forth its best showing—although they bowed 28-10. Mel Lehman '60, who had just recovered from a dislocated shoulder, pinned his man in the second period. In the heavyweight division, Benny Hirsh '60, using his weight judiciously, bowled over his opponent, pinning him in the first period.

Captain Jonas Prager '59, who has two pins to his credit, Mel Caplan '59, Eddie Rosenbaum '60, Harvey Rosin '58, and Marvin Weiner '60, were other outstanding members of the team.

WRESTLING

WRESTLING RECORD—(66-67)		
	OPPONENT	YESHIVA
Albany State	33	5
C. W. Post	35	5
N. Y. U.	36	0
Long Island A. and T.	37	2
U. S. Merchant Marine	38	0
Columbia	35	5
Rutgers	28	10
Orange County	27	3



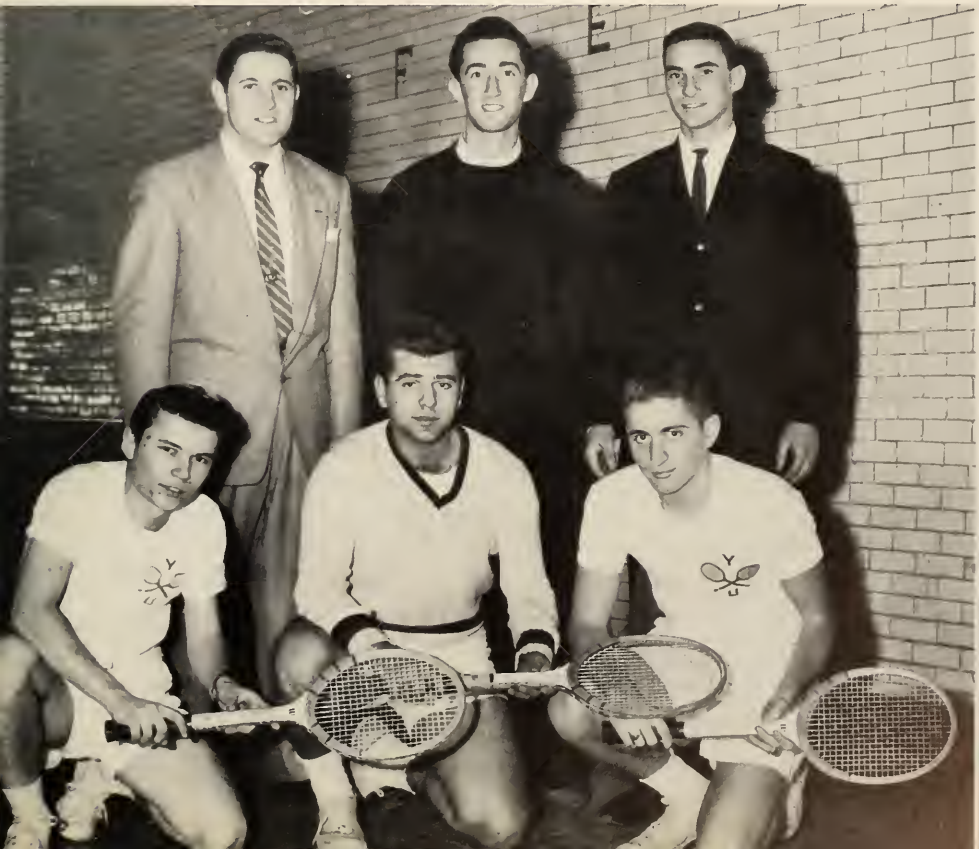


TENNIS

RECORD OF TENNIS TEAM (Incomplete)		
	OPPONENT	YESHIVA
New York Maritime	8	1
Webb College	2	3
L. I. U.	2	7

The Y.U. tennis team, ably coached by Mr. Eli Epstein, and led by Jerry Quint, seems destined for an unusually good season.

Although this magazine goes to press too early to report tennis news, informed opinion seems to point to a resurgence of the team's strength, with the help of a first squad armed with experience, and with a very promising group of newcomers. We centainly hope so.



CHESS

RECORD OF CHESS TEAM (Incomplete)

	OPPONENT	YESHIVA
St. Peter's of N. S.	0	8
St. Peter's of N. S.	1½	4½
Fordham University	3½	1½
Cooper Union	2	3
Newark Coll. of Eng.	2	3

Total Record: 4 victories, 1 defeat

You do not have to be tall, fall into a specific weight class, or be able to press 150 pounds to play chess. The only requirement is an ability to think.

This year, the chess team, led by Sheldon Freedman '59, team captain, and Louis Taubenblatt '58, chess club president by following the above formula, achieved success. In their first match of the season, they scored a resounding 8-0 victory over St. Peters. Another highlight of the season was the simultaneous exhibition given by Samuel Reshevsky against thirty of our best pawnpushers.

Team members other than those mentioned above are Emanuel Hartman, a very promising freshman, Joel H. Kaplan '58, Charles Patt '58, Ralph Carmel '59, and Wolfe Saffrin '60.

SOCCER

RECORDS OF PLAYERS

Rosenberg 20-11	Kobrin 3-2
Nusbacher 15-14	Feinerman 0-3
Chinitz 15-13	Lando 0-3
Farkas 3-3	Finkelstein 18-9
Berger 1-2	Shapira 13-13
Brunswick 0-3	Aronson 11-13
Levine 1-2	Rosenthal 3-1
Josepher 17-11	Shulman 0-3
Rhine 20-8	Greenspan 4-3
Dyckman 12-17	Goldstein 2-1

Hornblass 0-3

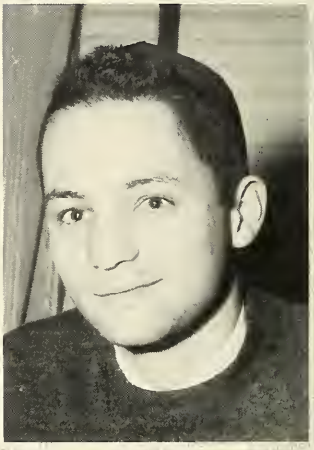
THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

אהרן אבני
AHARON AVN

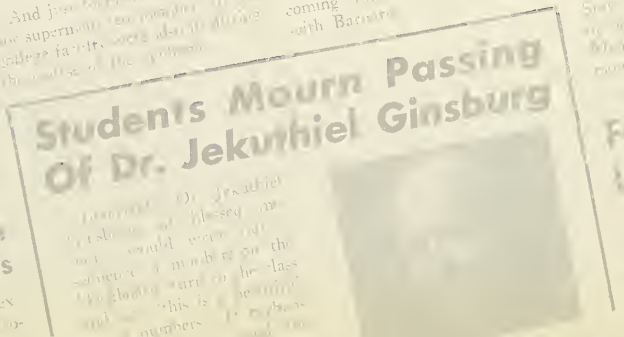
Literature

Abraham Shapiro, editor-in-chief

Emanuel Sternberg, assaciate editar



The Commentator



Larry Friedlonder, feature editor — fall term

Yehudi M. Felman, copy editor

Bernard Silverstein, business manager

Arthur Eidelman, sports editor — fall term

Jack Prince, sports editor — fall term

Narman Bloom, feature editor — fall term

Harvey Lieber, managing editor

This year The Commentator embarked on a program of experimentation and modernization. The groundwork was laid for The Commentator to appear weekly next year.

In addition to the increasing number of issues of The Commentator this year, two special supplements were published. The first spotlighted the role of student activities and student government as exemplified by the Student Council, while the second dealt with the tenth anniversary of Israel. Articles written by staff correspondents in Israel were published, as was a special series by the Feature Editor, who visited Israel this year.

The Commentator continued its vigorous editorial policy of serving as one of the consciences of the University. A front-page editorial dealt with the problem of synthesis at Yeshiva. The editorial column attacked personalities responsible for ill will between the students and the administration. A regular "Maybe I'm Wrong" letters column was inaugurated, and the Editor-in-Chief wrote a regular column, "Let's Discuss," which dealt with vital problems both within and without Yeshiva.

The traditional Purim Commentator was revived after a one year hiatus. This year's issue harked back to the ban on last year's Purim issue, and poked good natured fun at everyone—including The Commentator itself.

Some of the many technical innovations went unnoticed by the student body, but they all contributed to the betterment of the newspaper. The slick paper used in the past was dropped in favor of newsprint which gave The Commentator a more professional appearance and enabled more issues to be published without an increase in costs. The editorial page was completely redesigned in line with modern typographical principles. Flush left headlines were introduced for the same reason.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Yeshiva Debating Society successfully concluded one of its most exciting seasons. To insure the growth and efficiency of the team, the president, Joseph Chervin, obtained at the start of the year a record-high budget, a new office, and a private telephone. Who could ask for anything more? Another first for this year's team was the incorporation of the Student Lecture Bureau as an integral part of the society.

The highlights of the year were the debate against the University of Toronto, an extremely amusing affair, the debating tours, an extremely triumphant affair, and the Intercollegiate Debating Tournament sponsored by Yeshiva, an extremely "prestigeous" affair.

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Yeshiva University

DEBATING SOCIETY

AMSTERDAM AVENUE AND 186TH STREET
NEW YORK 33, N. Y.

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THE MASMID

Undergraduate and Senior Annual

YESHIVA COLLEGE

186th STREET AND AMSTERDAM AVENUE

NEW YORK 33, NEW YORK

Larry Friedlander
Editor
Sidney Kwestel
Business Manager

MEMO:

Date: Deadline Night

From: The Editor

Subject: MASMID

To: The Reader

It is neither imperative nor possible that the MASMID be perfect; it is important, however, that the MASMID represent an advance over previous years. It will be our success, and not our failure, if next year's book is better than ours, for this has been our aim: to establish a tradition of good journalism and of creative editing for succeeding staffs.

For this, we have introduced many innovations, incorporated many new ideas, attempted to make the book more professional, more representative, more truly a school annual. A lot of good ideas have fallen by the wayside, either through lack of time or lack of money. But many others have survived, and, we hope, will be made permanent additions. Little is left to be said, except that we must beg the reader's pardon for crudities he may find (all beginnings are difficult) and we must mention some, at least, of the many people to whom we owe our sincere thanks:

Rabbi Mirsky, Masmid's advisor, for his constant and kind assistance;

Professor Lynn, for lending us his time and ability;

The staff at the Israeli-Consulate, for their invaluable aid in supplying pictures and information;

The staff of Corydon M. Johnson, for their encouragement and for their superhuman patience.

Sincerely,

Larry Friedlander

Larry Friedlander

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Aaron I. Segal, Photography

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There's no time off for good behavior?

Mrs. Anna Kross, Commissioner of Correction, hears with amazement the inside dope about Yeshiva's penal system at the election assembly.

Our assembly program was sparked this year by many addresses on subjects of topical interest, indicating a trend towards a concern with contemporary problems. Of special interest was the pre-election assembly, with Democrat and Republican representatives battling it out on the stage, an address by Dr. Wouk on "Conservatism" (not the religious kind), and an assembly in honor of the tenth anniversary of Israel. Fireside chats were also held, and addresses by the Dean and other prominent men in the school were heard.

Our students literary ability is quite a joke.

Dr. Herman Wouk, visiting professor of English, confers with Jeremiah Wohlberg at an assembly which Dr. Wouk addressed.

Frankly, I would argue that Ploto was not Jewish.

Dr. Feldman speaks at a Fireside Chat.

THE MIND AND THE MEN

Our Literature

The Perilous Encounter

by **Larry Friedlander**

This is the second essay to have won the EPHRAIM FLEISHER MEMORIAL AWARD. *The award is granted annually for the best essay expressing an original reaction to a prophetic book.*

Habakkuk is one of the few prophetic books that deal in any central, determined manner with the problem of G-D: How may we know Him? What is His nature? Is He really good? True, all the prophetic books deal in some way with G-D, their pictures of the Divine, of course, and their conceptions of His nature varying enormously. The difference between them and *Habakkuk* lies in the perspective in which the story is told: In most books, G-D searches for man, for Israel—the Absolute hungers after and seeks to define the ambiguous; in *Habbakkuk,* it is the prophet who is in quest of G-D, absolute man seeking to define an ambiguous deity.

Take *Amos* as an example and as a measure of comparison. The two things this book possesses which *Habakkuk* does not possess are a definite historical context and a definite view of G-D. *Amos* begins:

> The word of Amos, who was among the herdsmen of Tekoa, which he saw concerning Israel in the days of Uzziah king of Judah . . . two years before the earthquake.

And the conception of G-D is as clear as the historical context. The G-D of Amos is the G-D of social justice, the G-D who avenges oppression and rewards goodness. *Habakkuk,* on the other hand, begins:

> The burden (of prophecy) which *Habakkuk* the prophet did see.

Nothing more. And the G-D of this prophet is equally enigmatic. The book, suitably enough, begins with a question which asks, in essence, what sort of *something* is G-D.

The particular historical context of a prophet determines his particular view of G-D. Traditional commentators, seeking to explain how it is that true prophets can differ among themselves as to the nature of G-D, explain that G-D chooses to reveal that aspect of His nature which is demanded by the exigencies of the time.

The important word here is *reveal;* G-D, responding to a need of Israel, comes to the prophet, reveals to the prophet what He thinks is necessary, but remains otherwise hidden and aloof. The prophetic books are essentially

contemporary messages offering hope or rebuke to Israel, and the prophet is but the messenger, who while his personality is in some way involved, moves as a national symbol rather than as a personal figure. The prophet is the suffering or sinful Israel, and G-D, speaking to him, addresses the entire nation.

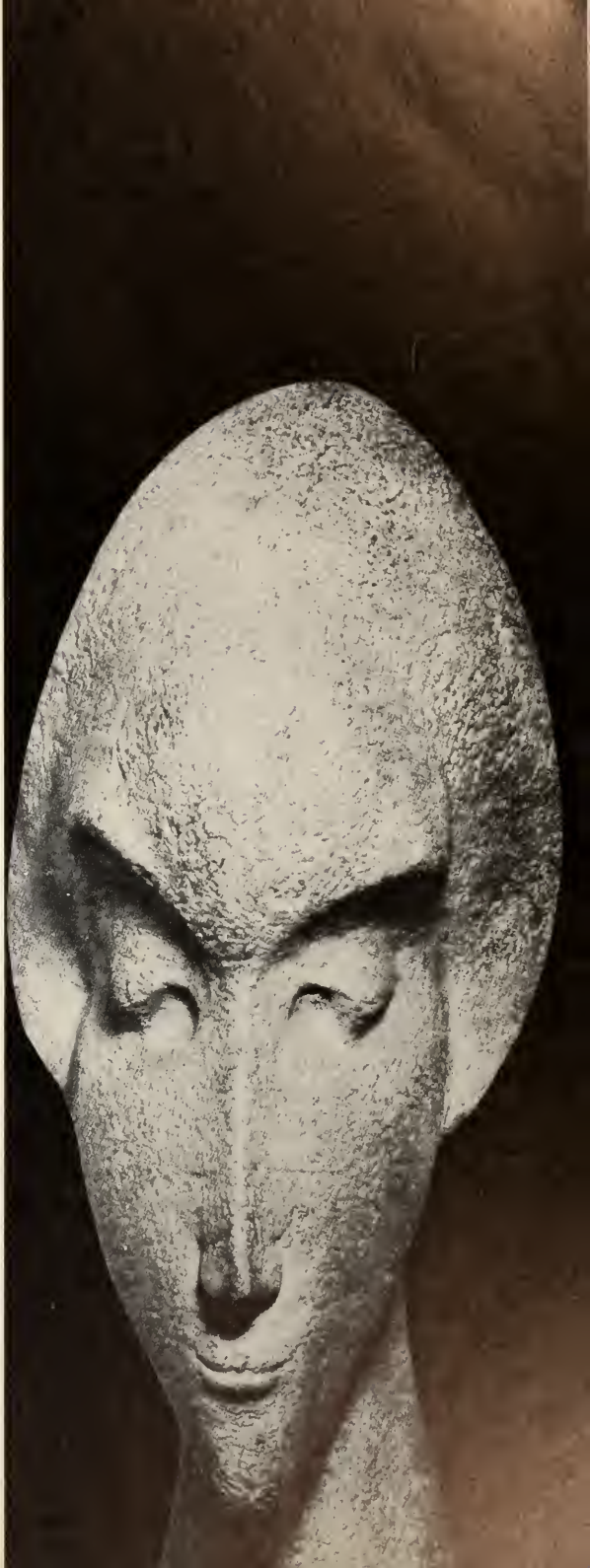
In such a case, it is G-D who seeks out the prophet. (In *Hosea,* for example, we read: "The word of the Lord that came unto Hosea.") The prophet accepts the message (willingly or unwillingly) and becomes the transmitting device by which G-D's word is spread. The spirit of G-D enters into him and speaks through him. The shape and contour of the man's mind will influence, to be sure, the eventual shape of G-d's message, just as wine must accept the shape of a cup. But the man speaks essentially that which has been revealed to him. He is, one might almost say, the merely passive medium of G-D's communication with Israel.

In *Habakkuk,* G-D and prophet confront each other. The book is not the transcript of a message, but the record of a conflict. It is *Habakkuk* the man who seeks G-D, it is he who demands, it is he who questions, and it is he who finally learns. *Habakkuk* is an extremely personal book; it is the book of *Job* stripped of its story, clothed alone in the solitary grandeur of its intense thought. The book is a spiritual diary, kept in a sort of spiritual shorthand, which makes for its difficulty and its fascination.

Habakkuk is a very slender work, comprising only three brief chapters. They deal with but a single question posed by the prophet, yet this is a question of such magnitude and complexity that the brevity of the treatment renders comprehension difficult. Related difficulties arise from the ambiguity of the language and metaphors and from the fragmentary character of the narration. We hear the voices of Habakkuk and the Lord engaged in a bewildering dialogue, and we are never certain who is speaking at a given moment. Questions are brought up that are never dealt with, and answers or responses are offered which seem to have no connection with anything previously mentioned.

Here is what happens. *Habakkuk* begins with a question, hurled at G-D by an anguished prophet: What sort of G-D are you that you allow evil to exist and to triumph? "O Lord," he exclaims, "how long shall I cry/And Thou wilt not hear?/ I cry out unto Thee of violence,/ And Thou wilt not save." The problem is a central one in religious thought: the paradox of the good G-D who permits, or creates, evil. The problem is philosophical one, that is to say that it arises after we have reached some intellectual conclusion about the nature of G-D which the realities of life fail to support. Habakkuk cries out, "Thou that art of eyes too pure to behold evil,/ And canst not look on mischief,/ (yet) . . . Thou holdest Thy peace when the wicked swalloweth up/ The man more righteous than he." He has a view of G-D, rationally arrived at and supported by tradition, which nevertheless seems quite false.

The prophet therefore doubts, not the existence of the Lord, but the accepted view of his nature. He demands to be told what G-D is really like. In his capacity of rational



being, with all the pride and fierceness of reason, the prophet seeks to know, to understand the Absolute.

G-D answers him, but the answer has no relation, seemingly, to the question! He tells the prophet that in the near future G-D will "raise up" the Chaldeans, a powerful and terrible race, who will spread over the face of the earth with the force of an east wind and will devour nations with the bloodthirstiness of a vulture. Nothing will be able to resist them. Having said this, G-D departs. But what He has said hardly answers the question of Habakkuk; He has in fact given point to the question by revealing a new evil soon to be unleashed on the earth by His direct command: "For, lo, *I* will raise up the Chaldeans."

Habakkuk is shocked, almost angry. That he dares to challenge G-D is a sign of his stature and of his uncompromising insistence on learning the truth. He almost scornfully reminds G-D of the traditional virtues ascribed to Him and of the traditional explanation of His actions. "And Thou, O Rock, hast established them (evils, or possibly the Chaldeans) for correction." Everyone had been taught that G-D uses evil to reprove and purify His people. Habakkuk is pleading with G-D to give him this answer, the classic answer, the easy answer, the one we all use.

But G-D refuses him. He does not speak of morals or of justice; He merely parades before the frightened gaze of the prophet a vision of new terrors with a bland equanimity and with an absence of explanation. The prophet's indignation and his terror mount. Surely, G-D will not allow His people to be like "the fish of the sea that have no ruler!" Surely, G-D will not withdraw the principle of justice and retribution, leaving behind cruel anarchy. He ends on a tone of mixed despair and reproof. "Shall they (the oppressors) not spare to slay the nations continually?" With this question, the first chapter, and one third of the book, closes. Habakkuk has not been answered.

Or has he? Is not silence an answer? Is not G-D's insistence on evading the question some sort of response? Silence is in fact the only possible way G-D can answer. For Habakkuk has asked for reason, for an explanation. And there is no reason in G-D, there is no explanation in G-D. G-D is above the understanding of man. Habakkuk does not wish to accept this limitation, he refuses to be merely human. He begs G-D not to conceal His ways, He begs G-D to justify Himself, to prove what man needs so desperately to believe: that G-D is good.

G-D answers with disdain: I am G-D. "I will raise the Chaldeans." I am the creator of evil. You ask me to relieve the persecution of the Israeli, yet I will bring upon them a plague unequaled in the memory of man. Why? That you may not ask. You may only know my actions, my deeds, but you can never know me.

Habakkuk has approached G-D with a personal quest and need: "Teach me what you are." But G-D is action, He is beyond words, and His motives are beyond our imagining. And if we move toward G-D, we must expect to meet the irrational, the mysterious, the terrible.

The prophet understands this, perhaps, but he knows that he cannot bring such knowledge to the people. True, G-D is dread and awe, wildly incomprehensible, unknowable in His essence, enigmatic—if not arbitrary—in his actions. But we cannot accept such a G-D for the world; the world needs a G-D of order and saving simplicity, a G-D of rules and morals, a support in chaos. G-D is a social necessity, and needed is a different sort of G-D than the one who has revealed Himself to the prophet. The world needs David's G-D, the kindly shepherd, and Michelangelo's G-D, the stern bearded patriarch.

When Habakkuk pleaded as an individual, and asked, "O Lord, how long will I cry?" G-D answered, "Forever. Remember, I am the creator of good and evil, I am the author of all, of everything you see, everything you feel, everything you hate. Accept me as I am, without reason, without knowing. Accept me in horror and love,—or reject me. But do not expect me to dissect my mystery for you, to fit my truth to your mind, to bend my being to your reason." And Habakkuk is willing to do so. But the people, they cannot be left helpless and bewildered. G.D. must become a father, at least for their sake.

So, at the beginning of chapter two, the prophet, with magnificent stubbornness, demands an answer.

I will stand upon my watch, And set me upon the tower,
And will look out to see what He will speak by me,
And what I shall bring back concerning my reproof.

The man is not to be denied, so G-D brings him a message for the people.

Write a vision, and make it plain upon the tables,
That a man may read it swiftly.

This communication is, in other words, intended for promulgation. G-D wants man to know that as long as the righteous live מֶאֱמוּנָתוֹ in their faith or, better yet, in their steadfastness, they will survive. G-D, to be sure, does not say that *He* will do the destroying. Rather, it is in the nature of things: the wicked are proud and raise up against themselves many powerful enemies, who, seeking revenge, will eventually destroy them. This is the result of the will of G-D, but is not due to His direct intervention. "For the earth will be full with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters of the sea." The mere knowledge of His presence will cause peace and order, and the rational framework of the world will be preserved.

G-D has, therefore, assured the world that the distinction between right and wrong will be maintained. He has granted an absolute to the wavering outlines of social reality, the absolute of a divinely ordained moral scheme.

But what of man and G-D? What of the persistent, willed encounter of the human and the Divine? What of Habakkuk's lonely seach? Habakkuk has surely learned nothing, at least nothing that can be comprehended in the formal categories of knowledge, nothing about which a book can be written. Indeed, Habakkuk hasn't really written a book; it is more of a ship's log: the objective record of a long and perilous journey, a record of experiences rather than explanations. Habakkuk only reports the most tense, most fruitful, moments of his journey to G-D, and these he reports without comment. He cannot comment on these encounters because they lie beyond the threshold of logical analysis, because they lie in the realm of action and not thought.

This is not to say that he has not gained greatly from this ordeal; but what he has gained is intrinsically uncommunicable. The only thing he can report is his inability to do this very reporting. He will never know the nature of G-D, yet he is content. The second chapter ends with this sentence:

But the Lord is in His holy temple;
Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

Let us approach the Lord in humble, fearful quiet.

What thought Habakkuk has to offer is pretty well completed in the first two chapters. The third and last chapter is the poetical expression of the knowledge he has thus far gained. It is intense action translated into deeply felt symbol, and it is a stirring witness to poetry's ability to communicate truth. It begins: "O Lord, I have heard the report of Thee, and am afraid." Fear is the first approach to G-D. Traditionally יִרְאַת יְיָ, the fear of the Lord, comes before אַהֲבַת יְיָ, love of G-D. Man cannot approach the Lord without dread in his heart; if he does, then it is not G-D but some namby picture-book illustration he has been wooing. And this fear of G-D seizes the prophet.

He has heard of the Lord and now with burning clarity he sees His coming. The divine presence is concealed behind a brightness and a flash of lightning. The Lord is unknown, but the prophet sees the pestilence that goes before Him and the fiery bolts that issue forth from His feet. G-D moves like an all-consuming fire, and the world cannot stand the heat of His presence.

He standeth and shaketh the earth,
He beholdeth, and maketh the nations tremble;
And the everlasting mountains are dashed into pieces.

Is not this the symbolic retelling of the truth that he, the prophet, had discovered in his previous dialogue with G-D—that the world could not survive the true knowledge of the Lord? Habukkuk cries out:

Is it that Thine anger is kindled against the rivers,
Or Thy wrath against the sea?

In verses of anguished loveliness, Habakkuk describes the might and terror of the Lord. Nature cannot bear His presence, and neither can man. Man is drained of strength in his encounter with the Divinity. There is a blind, searing glory, a sickness in the knees, and a weakness in the bowels.

When I heard, mine inward parts trembled,
My lips quivered at the voice;
Rottenness entered into my bones,
And I tremble where I stand.

The presence of G-D exacts a severe penalty. Nothing survives before Him, for nothing is strong or pure or real enough to withstand His reality. The land is blasted with holiness:

> For though the fig tree shall not blossom,
> Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
> The labour of the olive shall fail
> And the fields shall yield no food.

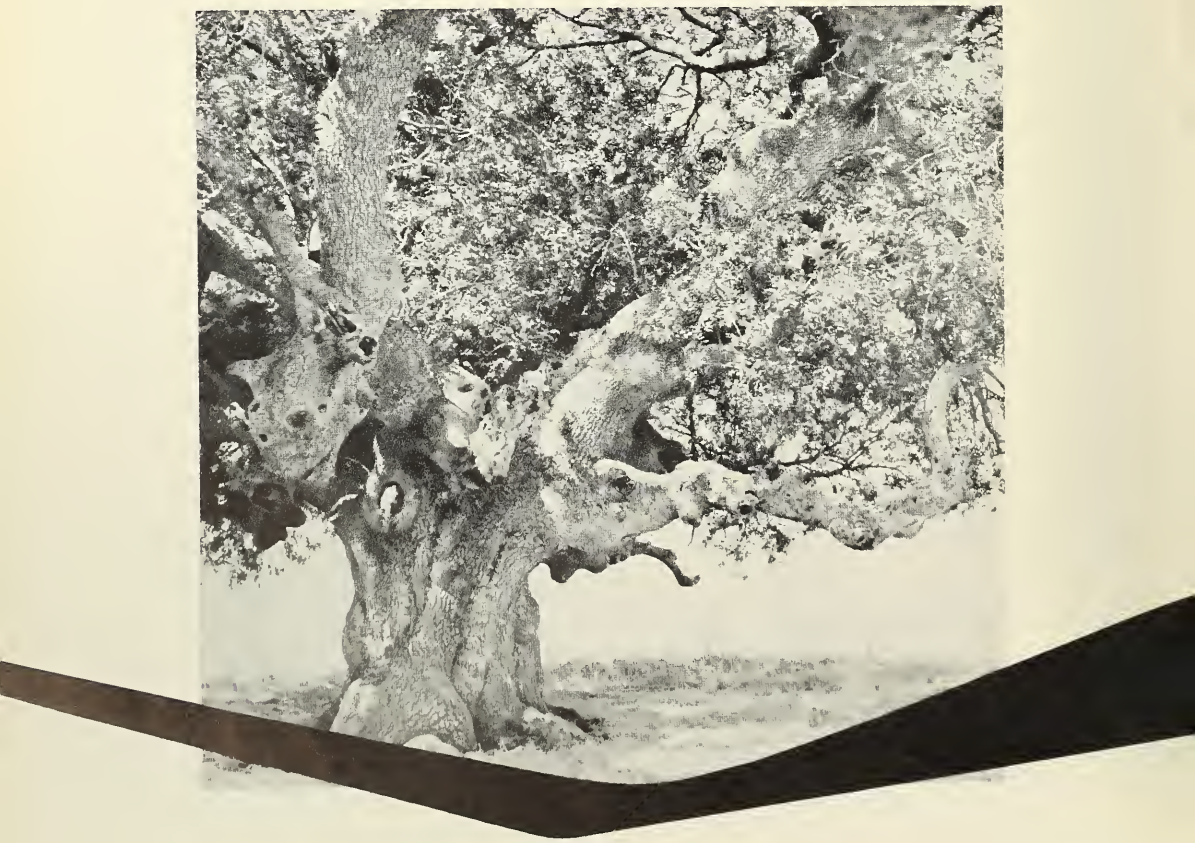
And yet there is a joy and wonder behind the terror and destruction, there is a glory in the prophet's virtual self-immolation in G-D. He is removed far above the reasoning, questioning, hesitant faith of his former self. Here, in an intense blaze of feeling, he finds faith in face of rejection, hope in spite of evil, knowledge in spite of rejection, G-D in spite of G-D.

> Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
> I will exult in the G-D of my salvation.
> G-D, the Lord, is my strength,
> And He maketh my feet like hind's feet,
> And He maketh me walk upon my high places.

A NOTE ON THE STRUCTURE

On first reading Habakkuk, one will be immediately struck by the extreme ambiguity that characterizes the book. The author seems reluctant to tell us who is doing the speaking at any special moment, and many verses may be interpreted either way without much straining of the text. I must admit that I have adopted certain interpretations with an almost arbitrary willfulness.

There are two defenses I can offer: first, where all interpretations are doubtful, it may be legitimate to employ my own. Secondly, and more centrally, I feel that it does not make too much of a difference. This ambiguity and the fragmentary nature of the work derive from the very essence of Habakkuk's thought. The prophet encounters G-D in the way the beach receives the sea: there is a passionate moment of embrace when sand and water are so intermingled that they merge, while each, however, remains distinct and separate. Habakkuk and the Lord somehow become one when they meet at the brink of the unknowable, and though G-D may be speaking Habakkuk speaks with Him.



ISRAEL
and the Galut

Abba Eban has now, in addition to the numerous other honors accorded to him in the course of his distinguished career, the unique pleasure of being a Yeshiva alumnus (if he will forgive us). Whether or not Mr. Eban realized the enormous implications involved in his accepting an honorary degree from our institution, we shall seize upon them with glee.

Therefore, we proudly present an article, taken from a speech delivered at the dinner honoring Rabbi Mirsky, by the most outstanding member of the graduating class. We predict a brilliant future for its author.

(PORTION OF AN ADDRESS BY AMBASSADOR EBBA EBAN OF ISRAEL AT YESHIVA UNIVERSITY, JANUARY 12, 1957.)

The teachers who are to be trained here to inculcate and to promote a knowledge of the Hebrew tradition, inheritance, and future, will face many grave and fundamental problems in determining their mission in life. One of the problems is, of course, the relationship between the Jewish community in this country and the resurgent and sovereign Jewish community in Israel. Those of you who have recently been in Israel will, I think, have noticed the ferment which has arisen on these problems, which is only part of a general intellectual effervescence.

Within a single month, during my last visit home, there were some tangible occasions which brought this to mind. There were various gatherings which focused upon themselves the intellectual interest of the country and of the Jewish world. There was first the conference on Biblical Archeology with special emphasis on the new documents, fragments, and relics revealed in this miraculous decade of archeological discovery. Then there was the conference on the structure of the atom held under the Nuclear Physics Department of the Institute of Science at **Rechovot.** In between these two there was the discussion on a subject much more occult than Biblical quotes and much more explosive than atomic energy, namely the question of Zionism and the problem of its continuing validity in the history of our times. Perhaps this latter subject, the interrelationship between Israel and American Jewry deserves a few observations (in a personal capacity before we disperse). There are clearly two aspects to this problem. What will be the relationship of American Jews to Israel and how will the Israel community look upon American Jews?

It is not for me to say much about the first subject, nor do I have any fundamental anxieties on that score. I do not doubt for a single moment that Israel's revival will continue in ever increasing measure to be the central content of Jewish life in this country. And Jewish life is now so focused upon Israel in her past and in her future that the question arises whether if Israel didn't exist the Jewish people in the dispersion would have to create her, and indeed this is exactly that which happened. I am persuaded that Diaspora Jewry created Israel not only for Israel's sake but also because the inner necessities of its own spiritual existence required the establishment of such a focus for its pride and prestige and its latent creativity. I do not fear for a single moment that some other preoccupation, some other interest, will inherit Israel's place as the center of the intellectual, spiritual, and even social cohesion of American Jewry. And therefore everything that flows to Israel from this centrality of her position in the life of American Jewry will continue to accrue. Assistance in the development of our economy, support for our basic and legitimate political objectives, and the great atmosphere of fraternity with which the Jews of the United States surround us at all times.

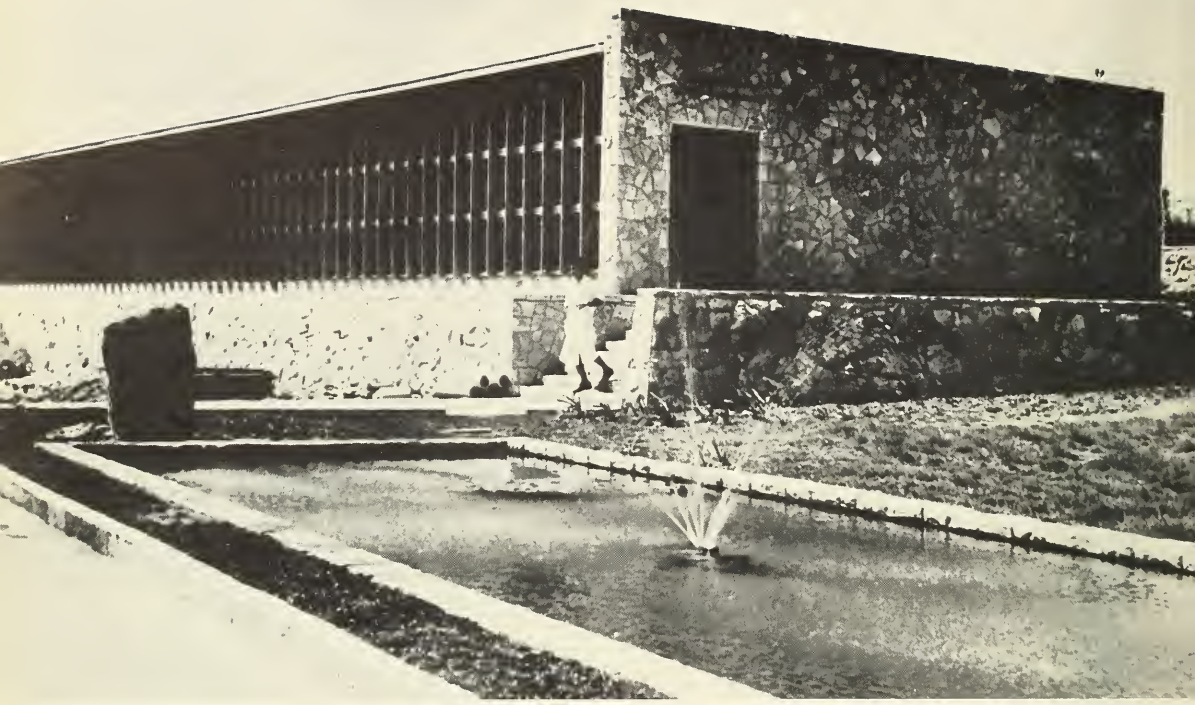
But the other question is perhaps much more interesting and of far more original fascination at this time. The question of how well will Israel, and especially the newly arriving generation within her, look upon Jews in the countries of their dispersion? I confess here to the existence of a deep-rooted difficulty which has not ben overcome. We inherit an ideology which is based frankly on a negation, which holds as a central creed the inevitability of Jewish extinction outside Israel, which looks with something of reproach

upon the very fact and circumstances that the Jew exists at all. Which in its more moderate and realistic moments is prepared to reconcile itself to your existence as a temporary phase of history destined to be liquidated. And here come the hard-headed realists who say that, whereas Diaspora Jewry should philosophically not exisit at all, since and while it does exist, it is the better part of prudence to draw something of its surplus resources.

But what is truly fundamentally a philosophy of negation, perhaps mitigated by an intermediate expediency, the question in my mind which I put before you and which I will leave with you fundamentally unanswered, is whether you can have a trustful, affirmative and creative relationship between two entities one of which assumes the negation of the other. Can Jewish-Israel relations be founded on a unilateral love, a love flowing from Diaspora Jewry to Israel and requited by a skepticism from Israel as to the very right of existence of Jews abroad?

The difficulty is extreme because I am not prepared to solve it by any surrender of our tactical position about the primacy of Israel in the pattern of Jewish life. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the doctrine which holds that only in union with the land of Israel, with its languages and with its tradition, can a fully organic Jewish life flourish. It is only there, that there is stability, equilibrium, and symmetry in the etiquette of Jewish life. And yet any student of historic causes must acknowledge that irrespective of our ideology the Jews of the United States will continue to exist. No ideological conference, in Jerusalem even, can generate such power in the trumpets of its oratory as to cause your walls to crumble like those of Jericho of old. And, therefore, the philosophies which negate your existence will not cause you to cease to exist. The historic compulsions which have rooted a Jewish community in America and which to our regret prevent its spontaneous migration to Israel, these forces, and these compulsions stand as almost immutable fact. I, therefore, reach the conclusion that Diaspora Jewry will endure and the question is not its existence but rather the nature of its existence. The choice is between whether it shall exist in a conscious, affirmative partnership of spirit with Israel or whether it shall exist amidst the paralysis of its spiritual memories in a continuing wave of alienation, of ignorance, and of isolation. And surely if that is the choice, then Israel for its own future and that of our universal history can only think and act in one direction. We must prefer a Diaspora Jewry which is articulate and coherent in its Jewish disciplines and in its Jewish disciplines and in its Hebrew loyalties as

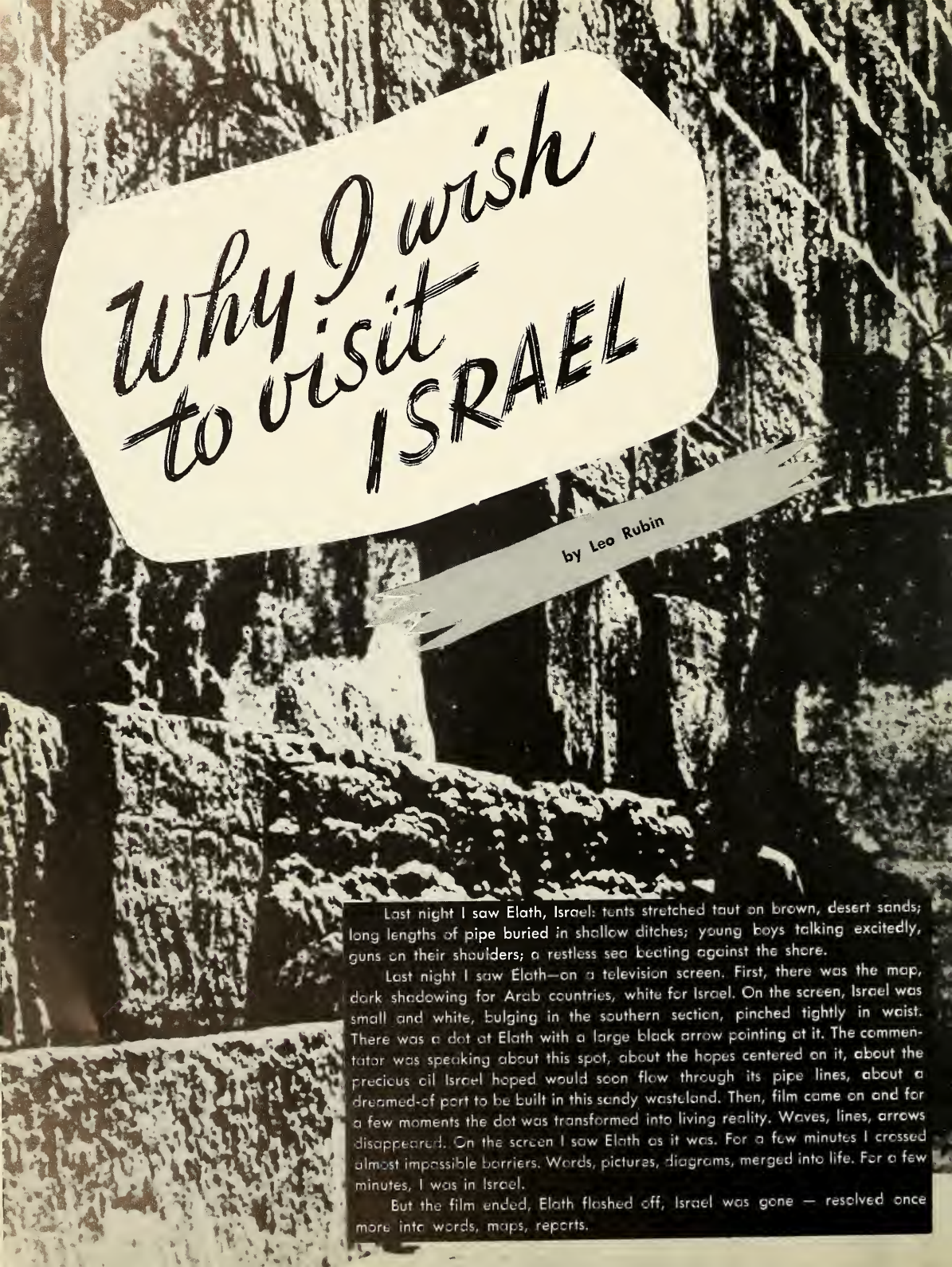
against the Diaspora which is a withered and paralyzed arm. The very existence of American Jewry, I think, is inherent in the evolution of democratic life. The broadening liberalism which now sweeps over all democratic societies is another assurance, not only for its existence, but for the potentialities of a cultural autonomy within the American scene. Institutions, such as those which we establish today, are a further assurance that this community will not die. Paradoxically, Israel's existence itself is perhaps the greatest of all factors in perpetuating the Jewish identity of the Diaspora, because Israel gives a reason and a focus for Jews wanting to



continue to exist as Jews. This is the great paradox of the negation of the **Galut.** Israel's existence makes the disappearance of a consciously Jewish Galut perhaps even less possible than it ever was before. In this situation, I believe, that there is need not of a single conference but of a constant and permanent effort to evolve a system of ideas which will suit this relationship. The lesson for the citizen of Israel to me is evident and plain. He, and especially those in future generations after the generation of transition, will have two choices before him. One, and this is advocated sometimes with profound respectable authority, is that he should live entirely within his geography, regard as significant only his immediate environment and those episodes of Jewish history which were unfolded within the soil of Israel, alienate himself from that which occurs today outside Israeli Jewish life and even from those episodes of Jewish history which have not held the land of Israel as their central arena. The second alternative is that he should live within his history and that he should hold cherished and dear everything that the collective capacity of the Jewish people has created in an authentic Jewish spirit, most of all that which was created, of course, under conditions of national freedom but also that which was created during the long march of exile. I cannot see anything fruitful or broadening in the perspective of an Israel which will deliberately confine itself to its geography and ignore the much broader vistas of its history. I cannot, I think, identify myself with the philosophy of history which insists on the essential Hebraism of Joshua ben Nun and wipes out Maimonides and the poets and philosophers of the Spanish period by reason of their exile from the original sources of our revelation. I plead, therefore, for a universality in the outlook on Jewish life and for an emphasis on history rather than on geography

as the determinant of our spiritual frontiers. If all this is to be accepted, then we reach a somewhat dramatic conclusion that Israel does not have a residuary or beneficiary interest in your fruitful and creative survival, but that your fruitful survival is something worthy of Israel's active endorsement and support, the support of our mind and the endorsement of our spirit. And thus the establishment of a new fortress of the Hebrew spirit in this country becomes a reinforcement of Israel's capacity of survival.

We have that interest not in the purely self-interested sense, not only because the benefits that we receive from you will only derive from a consciously Hebraic-American Jewry, but also because your existence conforms with this concept of Israel as a universal and historic civilization. What we need is an ideology or a system of ideas which is free of negation and which will establish the primacy of Israel within a broad universal doctrine of Israel not as a geographical fact but as a historic idea, as a universal civilization with its main citadel in an independent Israel but with its subsidiary fortresses scattered throughout the world.



Why I wish to visit ISRAEL

by Leo Rubin

Last night I saw Elath, Israel: tents stretched taut on brown, desert sands; long lengths of pipe buried in shallow ditches; young boys talking excitedly, guns on their shoulders; a restless sea beating against the shore.

Last night I saw Elath—on a television screen. First, there was the map, dark shadowing for Arab countries, white for Israel. On the screen, Israel was small and white, bulging in the southern section, pinched tightly in waist. There was a dot at Elath with a large black arrow pointing at it. The commentator was speaking about this spot, about the hopes centered on it, about the precious oil Israel hoped would soon flow through its pipe lines, about a dreamed-of port to be built in this sandy wasteland. Then, film came on and for a few moments the dot was transformed into living reality. Waves, lines, arrows disappeared. On the screen I saw Elath as it was. For a few minutes I crossed almost impossible barriers. Words, pictures, diagrams, merged into life. For a few minutes, I was in Israel.

But the film ended, Elath flashed off, Israel was gone — resolved once more into words, maps, reports.

It is good to be able to turn on your set, walk into a movie, look at a paper, and learn of Israel. But it is not enough, not for anyone who wishes to really know what the country is, not for anyone who wishes to understand.

I believe that Israel, more than any other land, must be known through direct contact, through a startling, seizing, flow of impressions, through an immediate apprehension of its being. Israel, beyond its land and borders, rivers and deserts, people and cities, is a subtle, hard-to-grasp, creation of the spirit. It is a feeling, an outlook, a promise. It is an individual and personal *geist*, yet it is the possession of the nation; and one can only meet it there, in the land itself.

Perhaps the first thing gained in visiting a country is the abrupt realization of its reality. The tenuous, lazy, half-formed, thoughts of Israel floating in our minds suddenly harden, they plummet into daylight consciousness with the force of a comet. Once they enter, they are there to stay. They can no longer be dismissed, shoved off into some dusty corner to lie a-moldering. This reality impinges on our dreams and brings us a richer, deeper, and truer experience.

The people, they are of primary importance. Before you study the topography and industry, the sea-ports and the climate, you must gain an intimate contact with people. Israel is great in only that one thing.

Israel must be experienced. A blind man cannot understand the word "red," we too cannot understand a people without "seeing" them.

In Tel-Aviv on a summer night, the air has caught and stored the heat of the day. The people gather on the streets, talking, laughing, fighting. Bearded, excited "intelligentiza," refugees from the universities of Europe, argue politics with tanned, dark-eyed Sabras. Black-robed Hasidim mingle with exotic-looking Yemenites. Down the street, in a cafe, someone sings a sad, Arabic song.

This is the Israel I have read about. But the need to be there, to walk the streets myself, to argue with a "professor," to hear that song, that need haunts me. For I am sure that beneath the beards, the tan, and the exotic dress there is a certain quality which unites all these people and makes them "Israeli." Such a thing is not easily discovered, not really understood, and too easily forgotten.

To live two months in Israel means two months to uncover that veil, to peer and probe into that inner sanctuary of spirit. I want to work side by side with boys and girls of my age, hear their daily, routine, conversations, partake in their small laughs, their petty fights, their great hopes. I want to form friendships with individuals, warm personal relationships. I don't want to sit in the distance and admire a country; I want to be there, and know and love its people.

At the same time, I need to know what these people are doing. Israel is a terribly active land. Nowhere that I know of are so many plans being constantly made; nowhere that I know of are they so consistently carried out. In the few years of its existence, the Israelites have exhibited a diversity of talents which is amazing and slightly bewildering. From fishing to mining to peanut growing to automobile manufacturing, the country runs the gamut of all conceivable fields. It is in this willingness to tackle all and any tasks, this courage in face of baffling odds and paralyzing inexperience, that the secret of Israel is to be found.

She is young, still flexing her muscles, readying herself for the giant step into the world. She has a cocky air and a steady persistence which enables her to turn her great dreams into fact. So if one wants to know her, one must go down to her mines, inspect her factories, help harvest peanuts in her fields. There is more involved here than a statistical knowledge of her economy. The character of the people rests in their productiveness. The people who founded Israel had a great respect and love for "honest labor" for the sweat

of a man's brow. This is an essential ingredient of their psychology.

I want to study not only the industries but the land that shapes them. It is a true saying that while men may mold a land, the land quite often molds the people.

The geography, as if to reflect the diversity of people and of industry, is enormously varied. In the hilly, wet, north-country, lakes lie in abundance; land is at a premium; marshes are drained. The air is wet, and a little foggy. The trees grow tall and straight. Men catch fish, set out nets, or set out to the sea in ships.

In the dreary stretches of the Negeb, the country has turned to stone, bleak craggy rocks bursting through sifting layers of sand. This is a thirsty land, with no water, little rain. Here the men know the heat of the sun, and the cold of a desert night. Yet, here men dream of fertile green fields and of riches lying beneath the stone, precious black oil waiting to be tapped. Between these extremes lie the hilly ranges of Jerusalem, the beaches of Tel-Aviv.

Each part of the country has an excitement about it for each part contains so much life and promise. There is still so much to be learned and done about them. When one knows these terrains, when one has walked the deserts and swum the lakes, then the answer to what is Israel becomes a little easier.

Yet, I must confess that there are other motives behind my wish to explore the land. The past is never far behind in this country, and a dull desert town of a few tents and a mud house receives a dazzling brightness when its name is mentioned and a memory stirs suddenly. "Why this is the place where . . . !" A thousand associations crowd one's mind: a name in the Bible, a battle fought in Talmudic times, the home of a scholar. Israel can never be free from its past, and she is infinitely richer because of it.

I don't think anyone can ever read the Bible with the same complacency after a trip to Israel. Solomon mined copper, the book tells us. Why, you saw the place yourself! The Romans burned Jerusalem, destroyed the Temple. Why, you remember Jerusalem, high and proud against a summer sky!

Each hill, each valley, each brook, is clothed in a very special aura. Each wears its age with a quiet beauty. This is the land of my forefathers. I want to return to it.

A well-known phrase terms Israel the "Fortress of Democracy in the Middle-East". So she is. There are, however, many ways in which she differs from our own government. Her party system is different, her Knesset is not our congress, her judicial system does not resemble ours completely. Yet, we are more like her than perhaps any other nation. She has inherited from us, and from her ancestors, a deep and abiding faith in the dignity of man and in the basic rights of the individual and in the need for a compassionate and love-filled brotherhood of man.

Her relations with her Arab citizens are the acid test of this faith. She has provided for complete equality for the Arab in her basic doctrines. Has this equality been achieved? I doubt if it has been completely, for her time has been short and humanity's vices have been around a long time. Yet, I am sure there is a determined battle being fought, a battle for the preservation and

realization of this ideal, a battle in which I am intensely interested. I want to speak to these Arabs for they may provide the answer some day to the most permanent disability of Israel; her discord with her Arab neighbors. I want to know how the Arabs think and act. I would like to see how friendship has been attained, how it is being maintained.

I want to attend a meeting of the Knesset, go to a court, find out how the country is being managed. Our democratic system is very important to us in America. We may have things to contribute to Israel; she may very well have something to give to us.

I would like to visit the borders. A friend of mine, back recently from Israel, was telling me of a night she had spent in a high watch-tower along the Syrian boundary line. Throughout the long description, full of guns, and danger, and snipers, not once did I hear the word "fear." I asked her if they are not afraid over there. She looked at me and said she didn't remember being afraid as one is afraid here in America. All she could tell me was, "It is different in Israel." I don't understand that, I don't think I can till I have been there. What is there in a young kibbutznick's mind as he waits high in a windy tower in a night full of noises? If there is no fear, what is there? I would like to know!

I have spent some time in a meandering journey through the welter of reasons which crowd my pen. But, if I search now for some summation, I could say simply that I want to be in Israel for a summer so that whenever I see a small white map on television I should not need movie film to bring it alive. My mind and heart should do that for me.

Bav-El-Vad

by Alfred Becker

The Jerome Robins Short Story Contest is held every year in honor of Jerome Robins, a former Yeshiva student who died in World War Two. Mr. Becker is the 1958 winner.

ONCE again she dusted the old candelabrum. It had almost become an obsession these days. Somehow, the sparkle of the polished lamp seemed out of place in the small room with its dark furniture. She threw a hopeful glance at the ancient pendulum clock, ticking endless time away. She was aware of the movement of her eyes to the face of the timepiece. Unlike so many other things in her life, it met the coming moments buoyantly and looked promisingly to the future. Then, too, didn't she sometimes hear it say "Bav-El-Vad, Bav-El-Vad," and was comforted.

Just about ten more minutes, she thought, ten minutes before he would be home to share the loneliness of their lives. On the back porch, father-in-law rocked himself to sleep over an open book despite the buzzing mosquitoes, which had finally braved the heat to come out in the open. The old man, it seemed, could sleep under all conditions. The deep, hollow gong of the clock announced that time, in its endless passage, had reached the seven o'clock point.

"Shalom, Shmuel, how are you?" She ran towards him, and, as she opened the door, the sharp odors of *helba* from their neighbor's yard penetrated into the room. "These Yemenites always reek from *helba*." "Shalom, Buba'le." After all these years of marriage he still called her "Buba'le." But now his voice was tired and broken. Then, the usual "How is Abba?" And the equally usual, "Oh, he is asleep on the back porch." Shmuel seated himself next to the old-fashioned kitchen table. As if trying to anticipate the inevitable question before she would ask it, he inquired, "Anything new?"

"No, nothing much. *Gveret* Kuminsky came in today. She wanted to borrow a cup of sugar. She said that the landlord may put new covers on the garbage can."

The old man had now entered the room unnoticed. It was he who broke the silence anew with a warm "Shalom." The dejected response did not seem to bother him.

"Well, Dvorah, I could certainly use some of that cold rhubarb soup." He said this with an almost cheery air, like a well-fed man who is expecting a favorite food he has not eaten in years. Dvorah went to the ice box without a word and took out the soup left over from the previous day. She had heard that rhubarb was cheap in the market-place near Jaffa, and they had subsisted almost completely on rhubarb since Thursday.

Next door there arose again the moaning of the little Yemenite boy in whose hovel there was no food, only the odor of *helba*, greedily eaten long since.

"Poor child," she thought. "What an awful thing. No food in a home filled with children." Her thoughts suddenly gave a start. Who are the more pathetic, those who still have children to worry about or those, like her, who no longer have?

She had not cried for many years. Even when that terrible telegram had arrived, she had not cried. She had really known before the telegram had even come. That last letter of her son had forboded the end. But it had to be, and she dared ask no questions. In a sense,

she had almost been proud of it. Hannaniah had written, "Ima, no matter what happens, please keep in mind that the names of everyone who fights at Bav-El-Vad will be remembered forever. I am but a link in a great chain of people. Whatever happens, Ima, I have lived. I have lived for a cause, for something good." This had not been like the other letters. These were not the paraphrased words of some officer's last encouraging remarks before the battle. These were her son's own words, his own feelings. He knew he was fighting for a

new world, a new order of things. Only the old man had always remained unimpressed. He would give a sad smile, walk out to the porch, and fall asleep on the rocking chair. But at that time, she had known that her son had died for a new life, for a new. . . .

Her thoughts were suddenly brought back to the present. It was the old man's voice. "Well, what did the Ministry say today?" Shmuel looked away from his father. "The usual." Dvorah suddenly pounced on her husband, "Well, don't they see you don't have the money to get that charter from the Union! What do they want! Did anybody come into the store today?" She was desperate, at bay like a lioness who had lost her cubs. Why don't they understand? If only they would let him sell the old store, extend him a small loan! If only the Union wouldn't interfere! If only. . . .

A strange gleam came into the old man's eyes, sad, cynical, even slightly sarcastic. How she dreaded that look. It was the same look that had appeared when she had read so proudly Hannaniah's letter aloud, the one before the telegram. Why, the old man had had that expression in his eyes even when the Lieutenant had delivered the last rites. "Hannaniah knew what he was dying for—a land in which oppression of Jews would be unknown. Yes, the Jewish people would never forget Bav-El-Vad and its heroic fighters." And the old man had remained unmoved.

She got up and brought the hard, dark bread that *Gveret* Kuminsky had given her in exchange for the sugar. It was a fair exchange. The dark sugar had become clumpy from the moisture it had been exposed to. In this way the grocer could charge an extra sum for the weight of moisture in the sugar. Pity this *Gveret* Kuminsky! She used to be so talkative before they had jailed Yosef for libel. It's true that he had no right to say those things about the Union. But after the way they had demanded another twenty five pounds for the "Defense Fund," who could blame him.

Only the stars above were unaware of the choking *chamsin* winds below. Every night people would try to escape the heat by going out on the porch. But tonight Dvorah was too restless. Her nerves had also been jarred by the fact that today there were no customers in the old store and that the Ministry again had refused a request to start a new business without a Union Chart.

She went to bed, and as perspiration drenched her pillow, she tossed and turned. Her ears were hot, her feet cold. She knew she was feverish. And that old man! He doesn't do any work; just sits around reading and thinking. But it was not that which bothered her about the old man. It was his ability to sleep despite heat and mosquitoes. She could never sleep when it was hot and mosquitoes bothered her. Then, too, the officials at the Ministry! Yet, the old man could always sleep. And that strange gleam in his eyes. Peculiar personality.

They say he had once been a very handsome man. Loved his wife the way few men ever loved. Then, after the Cossacks had killed her, he had turned Communist. They say he used to make fiery speeches on how wonderful everything would be after the overthrow of the Czar. Once she had even found an old leaflet, "A New World-After the Great Revolution." It had been the only time she had ever seen anger in his eyes, when she had shown him the old leaflet. But it had only been a flash of anger. lasting a fraction of a second. Then he had smiled weakly and said, "Those were in the days I was young." Yes, he had changed. He had become old. No one knew when or why. It was just that one day after the Revolution he had escaped from Russia and settled in some small village in Poland. They say the Communists were furious at his sudden departure. Strange, how he never complains, never becomes excited. It bothered her that the old man was not proud of his grandson's heroic deeds.

From across the yard, she grew aware of the voice of the Silberbaum's boy, Uzie, breaking the stillness of the night. Luckily, this family had escaped Hitler's persecutions before the War had started. They would soon move out of this neighborhood into a new area near the beach. It's nice how Mr. Silberbaum had worked himself up in the Union. "When you are understanding the basic principles of our system, you not can go wrong." He had never mastered Hebrew completely. Perhaps Mrs. Silberbaum had by now come in with a warm glass of milk, for Uzie had stopped crying. She comforted her son with a song full of pathos. *"Po ani omed, nizav l'yad haderech."*

"Why, that song is 'Bav-El-Vad'," Dvorah said almost aloud.

Mrs. Silberbaum continued,

"Bav-El-Vad, forever remember, thee,
our names;
Bav-El-Vad, on the way to the town."

"Ima, what's Bav-El-Vad?" Uzie's voice interrupted. "Never mind, dear, go to sleep. It's late."

"But I want to know what Bav-El-Vad is."

"I don't know. It's some place where they fought, I think. I remember reading something about it. Now please, dear, get your sleep."

Dvorah got up and sat next to the old man. She heard the clock ticking away.

THE GOLDEN HARVEST

Our Seniors

תחנת יציאה
DÉPART

Behold, they went silently
and their steps are lost,
In the darkness of the night
among the hills —
Bless them . . . for the time has come.

GIVE YOUR BLESSINGS
by Haim Guri

SENIORS

CLASS HISTORY

INTRODUCTION TO CLASS HISTORY

Entering college is like getting married, drinking one's first "Bloody Mary", playing poker: it makes one lose one's perspective. How high the ceiling was that first day! and the zodiac in the entrance hall seemed to mutter angrily as we walked across Virgo and Capricorn. The speeches, in the great, empty auditorium, impressed us to the core of our youthful souls, as we listened to the Dean say: "In four years Yeshiva will be larger than Columbia, than Yale, than Harvard!" And we believed him. Now, four years later, we ask ourselves whether we were fools, whether time has not proven us wrong? The answer is both yes and no. Surely, we are not larger than Harvard, not even than Columbia, but, then, Yeshiva remains, despite all, larger to us,—in our memories, our tears and our laughter.

The incidents we here recall are mainly the humorous ones. It is true we have not forgotten the bitter-sweet, bright structure of our early dreams. It is a cruel and hard thing, however, to retrace those dreams and the paths of their decay. Revisiting the sites where youth was conquered step by step by the crueler realities of life, we flinch and call on humor to shield us. That is why this history is fearfully light, dancing over the past, never stopping to touch too deeply any moment in these long four years. We are afraid of a violent outburst of truth, and of the impassioned force and the warm memories of times too precious and naive to recall. We are frankly ashamed and, perhaps, a little jealous of these memories; we wish to preserve them for ourselves in a private citadel. We, therefore, here present only the crazy, ramshackle, structure of those, our youth-times,—in the confidence that your mind and, we blush to say it, your heart will supply the rest.

September 1954 seemed an auspicious time; we entered the school, hollow-eyed and staring; a new caterer began his career at Yeshiva, serving glatt kosher meat to glatt kosher students; Senior Freshman Guidance was instituted; and, last but not least, Yeshiva went co-ed. Stern College opened, duly separated from the Golden Domes by one hundred fifty streets of Manhattan real estate, a modern *mechitza in depth.*

No sooner had we settled in blissful content when clouds began to struggle over the golden domes. First registration, whose horrors are still classified information, then a speech test, which all Williamsburg boys flunked, and a "comprehensive exam designed to determine our relative standing and readiness for college curriculum." The Dean, a sophomore at the time, announced that Graduate Exams may be required of seniors. "This exam will be given with an eye toward curriculum improvement," he stated. It seemed that the dean had the same dire suspicion we did, namely that we would not learn too much in the next four years.

Feeling the need to be heard in the Councils of the mighty, we elected our class officers. Lenny Shapiro was chosen president, and Stone, vice president. Our confidence in these two gentlemen was so firm, that we didn't bother electing a representative-at-large. Our future *Pulitzers* padded off to the padded office of Commie. Doc Green span became the photography staff in its entirety, while Abe Shapiro joined the news staff, and Moe Berlin went the way of all little Cannons—the sport staff, of course.

In the dormitory, we freshmen were quartered at the highest level, the fifth floor of the old dorm. An attempt to create order out of chaos was made by the establishment of a dormitory council, deriving its power from the just consent of nobody in particular. Going through the motions of a democratic society, we elected Patt, Weisenberg, and Weiss as delegates. Rabbi Abraham Pelberg arrived as a sort of "father image" to us boys.

We were made aware of one of Y.C.'s most pressing problems, the 10 minutes between periods. Believing that 1 hour=50 minutes at Yeshiva, we demanded (requested? . . . begged?) our ten precious minutes. With equal logic, the faculty felt that 50 minutes=1 hour and just let the matter drop.

Influenced, no doubt, by our arrival, Rabbi Tendler called upon himself to discuss the goals of Yeshiva educa-

tion. Consequently, a religious guidance committee was formed, including a number of *Roshei* Yeshiva and Rabbi Tendler.

Meanwhile, back at the dorm, an indignant electorate declared the dorm council illegal, whereupon it voted itself out of existence. As a reward for our acute political awareness, the administration announced that we would soon move to a new million-dollar dormitory. It seemed a good note on which to end our first term at Yeshiva. So, we all started packing.

Exhibiting our physical and intellectual superiority, we soundly defeated the other classes and won the intramural basketball championship. Having proved ourself so early in our career, we felt it unnecessary to boast of our prowess by winning any games in the future. Ganchrow, Singer, and Abe Shapiro bossed the pre-varsity debating team. Moe gave a portent of the role he was to play by writing a glowing biography of Red Sarachek.

On March 3, we were treated to the company of a few seniors plus what was left of the beer and pretzels. The beer intoxicated more by its presence than by its alcoholic content, and we caught a glimpse of the seniors with their hair let-down, an uninspiring sight, to say the least.

Shapiro won the presidency again, Joe Chervin and Becker were elected vice-president and representative-at-large. Jack Chinitz and Moe Berlin moved up to the Associate Board of Commentator. Matt Weisenberg took a good look at the state of Yeshiva, and left for a long visit to the State of Israel.

Returning for round two after a too-short summer, we learned that Joe Kaplan had gone to work on the Commentator Associate Board, Abe Shapiro and the *Governor* got special assignments, and Schreiber and Quint made the tennis team. We also learned that the Pre-Med Organic lab was scheduled at Stern College. The natives, who were known to be friendly, were kept under wraps unfortunately.

The dean, having survived his sophomoric year, promptly announced a new grading policy, a down-grading policy. Just as promptly, Dr. Alexander Freed folded his "pents" like the Arabs and noisily stole away. Another milestone on the long road to completion of the new dorm was passed when the ground breaking ceremonies were held. We felt it would not be long before the dorm would be ready for occupancy.

Shimmy Kwestel became secretary of S.A.C., Greenspan became Commie photo-editor, and A. Shapiro assistant news editor. Bill Klein was elected secretary-treasurer to the Dormitory Council. An athletic rally was held, which was well attended by at least the various teams involved. Yeshiva's newly revived wrestling team proceeded to lose their first match. We took it philosophically. Then again, we didn't have much choice. The annual anti-noise campaign was instituted in the dormitory. It got a hearty, though somewhat noisy reception. Once again, we took it philosophically.

The second semester began with the stirrings of controversy and rumors of a strike by the RIETS faculty. Dr. Belkin announced the birth of J.S.P., The Jewish Studies

Program, or the Juvenile Sporting Profession, depending on one's point of view. To keep the balance of power intact, T.A., T.I. and RIETS merged under the protection of Abrams and Grinstein, and Rabbi Tendler was grafted on to the scholarship committee. Commentator suggested that Tendler boss JSP, which was applauded by the student body. With a state of civil war all but declared, a compulsory insurance plan for all students was announced, which went the way of all flesh. The wrestling squad managed to win their first match. Flushed with victory, Coach Cassius announced, "We'll win our next five matches!"

A study of the student body revealed a startling increase in the number of science majors, which was universally deplored (this was before Sputnik). To correct this imbalance, improvement of the other departments was suggested. The other departments, however, indignantly stated that no improvements were possible. The plan was dropped. The rental for the new dorm was announced and we promptly objected. The objection was half-hearted, for we knew there is no power greater than the cling of change in the Bursar's pocket. Anyway, we felt sure it would not be long before the dorm would be ready for occupancy.

Our Thespian talents were meager, but we managed to present a reasonable facsimile of a play at the Dean's Reception. It was an adult western, a whodunit with Indians. The highlight of the evening was the symbolic lynching of a pair of black pants (Shades of Freud!). The administration apparently considering the mind twice as important as the body, charged us seven hundred dollars for College, and three hundred dollars for Dorm. Those of us who received permission, signed up for 18 credits at bargain rates. The Yeshiva radio station awaited final approval.

(As we go to press it is still waiting). A new final exam policy was announced and was enforced, over the objections and dead bodies of students and faculty alike.

Election time came around again. Mendy Ganchrow, the "Governor," was elected secretary-treasurer of Council. Greenspan made Athletic Manager. Moe Berlin, running on the "It's time for a change" platform, defeated Shapiro for our class presidency. Becker and Tokayer were chosen vice president and representative-at-large. Kaplan, Abe Shapiro and Berlin became managing, news, and sports editors of Commie, respectively. And, with a touch of our youthful spirit still remaining, we finished second in intramural basketball.

Senior Council seated: Abraham Shapiro; Emanuel Sternberg; Louis Taubenblat; Elliot Ginsburg; Standing: Simcha Gluck

Our junior year, affectionately termed *The Year They Abolished Purim,* opened with the appointment of Rabbi Tendler as assistant dean, an appointment which was acknowledged as "gratifying." Rabbi Tendler announced that the dormitory would open January 15, and we would be charged 50c for identification cards. Other sources, less optimistic, announced that D-day would be sometime in February. We felt that in any event, the long-awaited day could not be too far off. So, we held our Junior Jamboree and whooped it up.

Patt and Weisenberg took managerial positions in Co-op. Shapiro made vice president of IRS, and Bernard Silverstein, secretary-treasurer. Rubin became vice-president of the Photography Club without knowing how to load a camera. Braverman, Friedlander and Patt officered the French Club. Chervin, Wohlberg and Shapiro (Abe) took over the Pre-Law Society's management. Joe Singer veeped the Pre-Med Society. Perlmutter chugged into Ivri, as its president. And, last but not least, Moishe Tokayer resigned his council job to accept the presidency of the Student Council of the Teacher's Institute. Jerry Wohlberg was elected to the office.

We assured ourselves that we had not done too badly. The college announced an engineering program and as an expression of confidence in this step forward, Becker advised us all to get under cover (insurance coverage, that is). Prophetic words, for we watched, in grim helplessness, as an Israeli team defeated Yeshiva in, of all things, basketball,—at, of all places, Madison Square Garden.

Purim came and went, and the Commie Purim issue was conspicuous by its absence. Recriminations and countercharges disturbed the habitual quiet of the Bais-Medrish. By Passover, we became resigned to the fact that Commie would not give us the opportunity to have a few good-natured lighthearted laughs at the people we trembled before during the whole year. It was all good, clean, fun, but we decided to wait till next year.

In the process of becoming urbane, sophisticated Yeshiva Leaguers, our tastes became somewhat jaded. Yet, we did get a full measure of excitement and suspense from the tale of two dormitories. Not knowing which of the dates given us by the powers that be would actually turn up as Moving Day, we speculated whether the new dorm would

be ready before the old one was wrecked. We knew that the frantic efforts of the administration to ready the dorm (new) were exceeded only by the antics of the dorm residents (old) determined to demolish their "home away from home" before the term's end, if not sooner. Of course, they don't build buildings like they used to, and we managed to last out the year.

Elections were upon us again, and we dusted off our franchises and gave them their annual exercise. The race for Student Council president was complicated by the appearance of a dark horse when we had just about decided on one of two choices. The campaign was highlighted by the miraculous production of a modified campaign train. Actually, a Chevrolet, covered with crepe paper streamers (as though it had been driven through a wild party), took up a strategic position on Amsterdam Avenue and threatened to run over anyone who wouldn't vote the right way. Jerry Wohlberg was elected President of Student Council, and Doc Greenspan, vice-president. Our class officers were Sidney Kwestel, president, Tsvi Nussbaum, vice-president, and Herby Friedman, representative. Abe Shapiro realized his ambition, became Editor of Commie, and suspended publication of the *Eppess*. Silverstein became business manager of Commie, Steinmetz and Chinitz captained our varsity basketball and fencing teams respectively.

Our Senior year—and with it a feeling of "top dog" ism. Moe wrote a letter to Commie containing our final thoughts upon the final question, including the Graduate Record Exam. Larry Friedlander began his solitary work as Masmid Editor. The Dean started his second go-round, but Chaver closed his career at Yeshiva with ours. And we slowly became aware that, after learning the ropes so well, we would be pulling them for the last time.

We resolved that we must leave some monument to our collective memory. Abe Shapiro revised the format of Commentator, cutting printing costs in order to publish every week. We changed the Masmid election rules, in an unsuccessful scheme to entice lower classmen into doing our work for us. Student Council announced the results of the curriculum questionnaire, and many a faculty member was muffed at his Trendex. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* And speaking of glory, Herman Stone and Shep Levine finished one-two in New York City on the Dental Scholarship exam.

We began our tours of duty on the more respectable end of Senior-Freshman Guidance. As our version of Freshman Orientation, we taught the boys how to finish a keg of beer without keeling over. However, feeling our efforts were not sufficient, a tutoring committee was formed at the college.

We were glad to note that enrollment at Yeshiva reached an all-time high. We, of course, were the most select group numbering an exclusive eighty-one (4.5 times "chai"). The expansion brought with it a number of problems, summed up by Commie in an editorial "Synthetic Synthesis".

R.I.E.T.S. introduced the system of written examinations to supplement the oral bechinot. Written tests had already been adopted in the Smicha program and like Hoover's prosperity, just trickled down. WE surveyed the scene and, in between bomb scares, we felt there had been some changes made.

We went to see "The Music Man" as we celebrated our last Theater party at Yeshiva. Needless to say, it was a smash hit and we got our money's worth.

The Dean's Reception was held at Joan of Arc High School on February 16th and we kept intact our winless record in the play competition. Our courtroom drama was tried and found wanting. Undaunted, we set to work on the Senior-Varsity Show.

The Red Cross paid their annual visit to Yeshiva and, with the collaboration of Silverstein and company, managed to bleed us dry. We won the Metropolitan Blood Drive Championship (the lower classmen deserve some share of the credit) and Silverstein made the morning paper, accepting the trophy on our behalf.

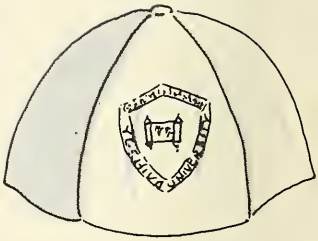
Oh, yes, we moved into the new dormitory. The elevator worked very nicely, and, though we never could get it out of the shaft, the tricks we could make it do more than satisfied our innate scientific curiosity. The cafeteria opened with Mr. Parker, formerly of Stern College, running the show. The new, modern furniture was more comfortable and presentable, even after we got through with it. We did, however, bring the old problems with us—namely, minyan attendance, noise, and the dormitory council.

As we go to press, only the remnants of the year are left. There are, it is true, grand, climactic moments still to come: The Senior Dinner, Commencement, etc., but there is a sadness and a finality about them which makes us glad that we must not report them. We have tried to bring you the patterns and the whirling life of almost four years. Let us, then, call a halt right here before the curtain comes down — and we must all go our own separate ways.

FACES OF THE PEOPLE

HERSHEL Y. ALLERHAND
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Political Science*
Junior Varsity Basketball; Pre-Law Society

ABRAHAM ATIK
Brooklyn, N. Y. *English*
Chug Ivri



ALFRED BECKER
Syracuse, N. Y. *Pre-Med*
MASMID, managing editor; Junior Class, vice president; Sophomore class reresentative-at-large; *Beth Yitzchak*; Pre-Medical Society; Debating Society; Biology Society; Committees: Health, Library; Student Residence Hall Court.

EDWARD BERGER
Bronx, N. Y. *Psychology*
Psychology Club, president; Co-op, assistant manager; *Raconter*; *NIR*, editor

MOSES M. BERLIN
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Mathematics*
Junior Class, president; Commentator, sports editor; Dean's reception, 1957, chairman; Mathematics Club, secretary-treasurer; Dramatics Club; *Scripta Mathematica*; Fencing Team; Junior Play, 1957, co-author

JAY BRAVERMAN

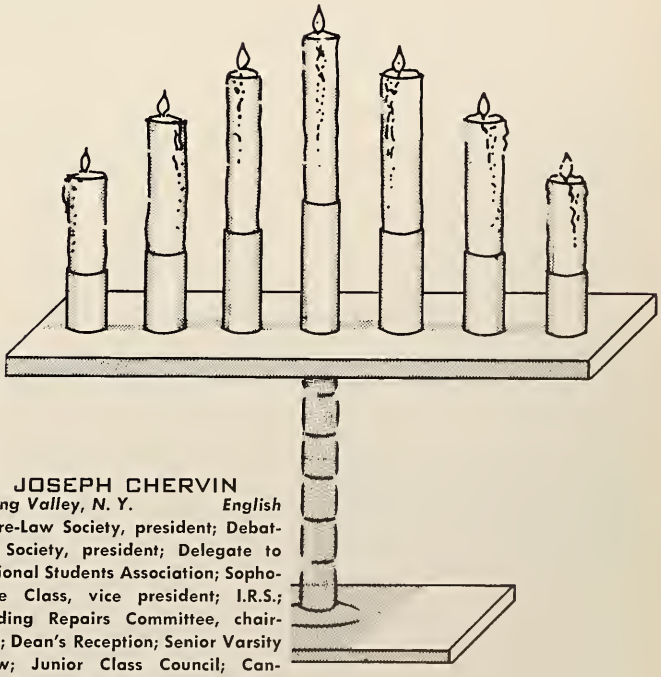
Bronx, N. Y. *History*

MASMID, theme editor; Commentator; French Club, president; I.R.S.; Chug Ivri; Pi Delta Phi, president

ALFRED CHAIKIN

Bronx, N. Y. *Pre-Med*

Varsity Basketball; Varsity Soccer; Pre-Medical Society



JOSEPH CHERVIN

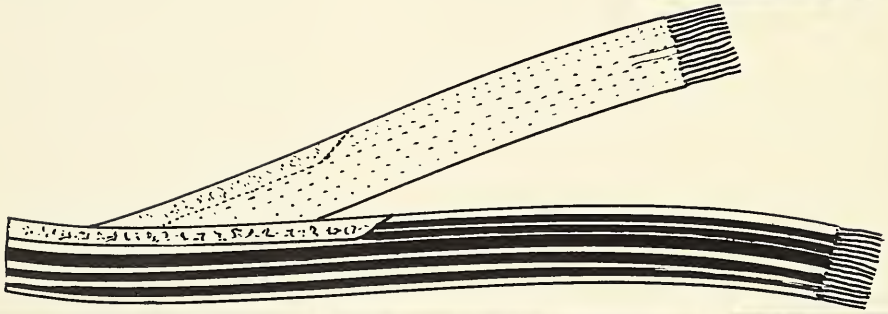
Spring Valley, N. Y. *English*

Pre-Law Society, president; Debating Society, president; Delegate to National Students Association; Sophomore Class, vice president; I.R.S.; Building Repairs Committee, chairman; Dean's Reception; Senior Varsity Show; Junior Class Council; Canvassing Committee, co-chairman; Social Events Committee, chairman

JACK CHINITZ

Newark, N. J. *Pre-Med*

Fencing Team, captain; Choral Society, vice president; Commentator, typing editor; Pre-Medical Society; Student Residence Hall Court; Senior Council; Senior-Freshman Guidance; Dean's Reception



MONIS DACHMAN

Washington, D. C. *Pre-Med*

Pre-Medical Society; Debating Society; Commentator; *Scroll;* MASMID; Dormitory Executive Committe, co-chairman; Freshman Council; Sophomore Council; Junior Council; *Tat,* chairman

NORMAN DICKER

Brooklyn, N. Y. *English*

Music Club; Basketball

ALAN ENGLART

Jersey City, N. J. *Sociology*

Sociology Club; Pre-Law Society; Used Book Exchange; Associate Board, *Commentator*

GERALD M. FRIEDERWITZER

Bronx, N. Y. *Biology*

Biology Society, secretary; Psychology Club, secretary; Tennis; *Hamelitz*; Student Activities Committee; Co-op

LARRY FRIEDLANDER

Brooklyn, N. Y. *English*

MASMID, editor-in-chief; *Scroll*, editor-in-chief; *Commentator*, feature editor; *Raconter*, feature editor; Literary Society, president; French Club, vice president; Pi Delta Phi, vice president; Dean's reception; Eranos; Eta Sigma Phi; Student Residence Hall Court; Senior-Freshman Tutoring

HERBERT FRIEDMAN

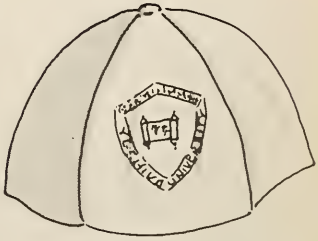
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Chemistry*

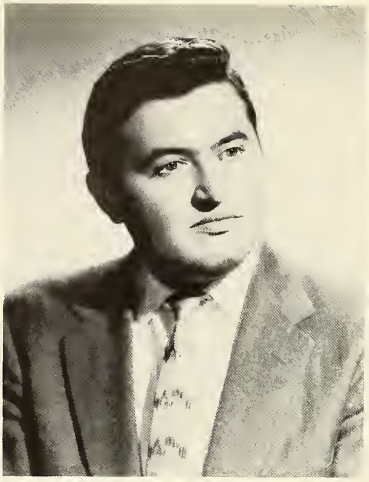
Chemistry Society, president; Photography Club, secretary-treasurer; Choral Society; MASMID, co-typing editor; *Commentator*; Building Repairs Committee, chairman; Clean Up Committee; S.A.C.; Senior-Freshman Guidance; Senior Class, representative-at-large

JAY FRIEDMAN

Astoria, N. Y. *Political Science*

I.R.S., president; Pre-Law Society; Curriculum Committee, chairman; Senior Varsity Show, author; Dean's Reception; Basketball





NAFTALI FRIEDMAN

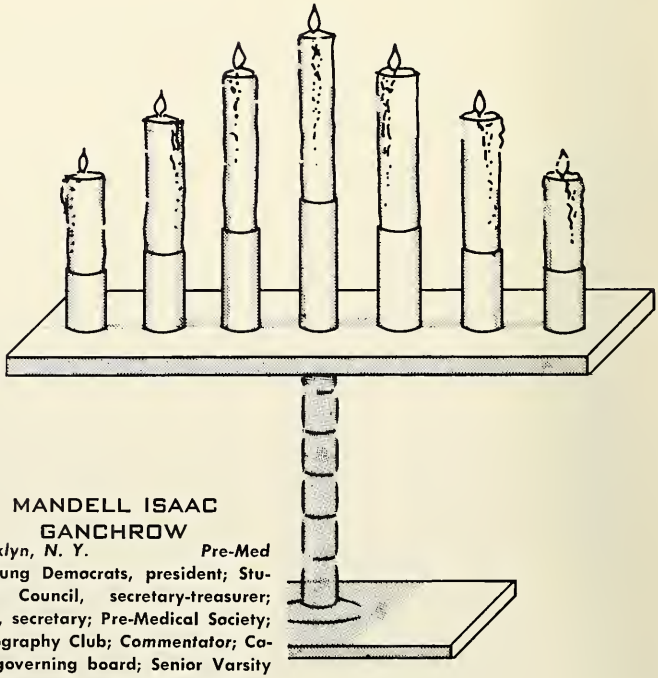
New York City *Chemistry*

MASMID; *Commentator*; Music Club; Chemistry Society

JEROME FUCHS

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Sociology*

Chug Ivri, secretary; Choral Society; Zionist Organization of Yeshiva; French Club



MANDELL ISAAC GANCHROW

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Pre-Med*

Young Democrats, president; Student Council, secretary-treasurer; I.R.S., secretary; Pre-Medical Society; Photography Club; *Commentator*; Co-op, governing board; Senior Varsity Show; Senior Council; Y.U.A.A.; Committees: Medical, Finance, Dorm, Awards; Debating Society

HAROLD GENAUER

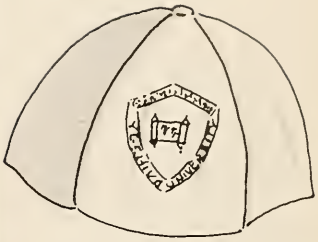
Seattle, Washington *Economics*

Chug Ivri

ELLIOTT A. GINSBERG

Far Rockaway, N. Y. *Economics*

MASMID, business manager; *Commentator;* Wrestling; I.R.S.; Pre-Law Society; Chug Ivri; Senior-Freshman Guidance; Co-op; Senior Varsity; Senior Council



SIMON GLUCK

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Sociology*

Sociology Club, president; Pre-Law Society; Psychology Club; Jewish Philosophy Club; I.R.S., secretary; MASMID, activities editor; *Commentator;* Senior-Freshman Guidance; Fencing; Dean's Reception

MICHAEL L. GOLDBERG

Boston, Mass. *English*

Commentator, circulation manager; Pre-Law Society; S.A.C.; Audio-Visual, chairman; Committees: Building Repairs, Clean Up; Co-op; Dean's Reception

JOSHUA H. GORTLER

Phoenix, Ariz. *Psychology*

Y.U. Drive, chairman; MASMID; *Hamelitz;* Soccer; Psychology Club; Sociology Club; Hebrew Club; Dean's Reception

ALAN MARSHALL GREENSPAN

Bridgeport, Conn. *English*

Student Council, vice president; MASMID; photography editor; *Commentator*, photography editor; Athletic Manager; Fencing; Dean's Reception; Photography Club; Hobby Club; Art Club; Pre-Law Society; I.R.S.

MANUEL HENZEL

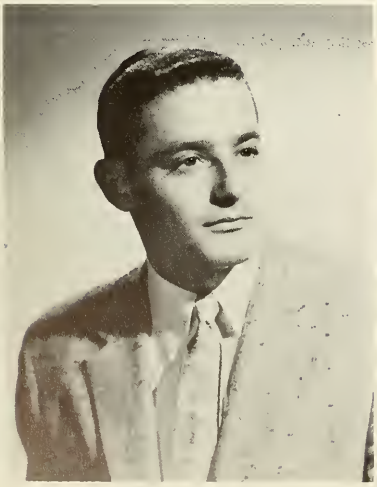
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Economics*

Photography Club, president; Tennis Team, manager; Co-op bookkeeper

TSVI HARRY INGBER

Valley Stream, N. Y. *Hebrew*

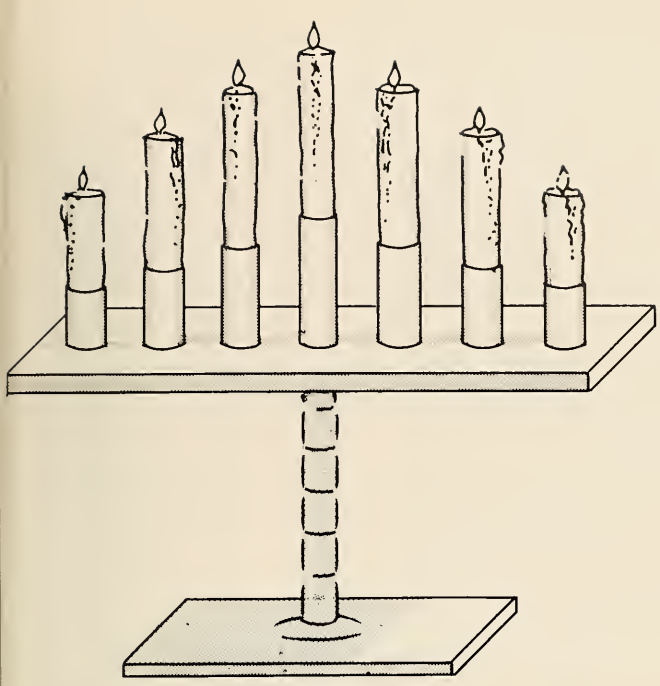
French Club; Fencing; Wrestling



SEYMOUR JOTKOWITZ

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Pre-Med*

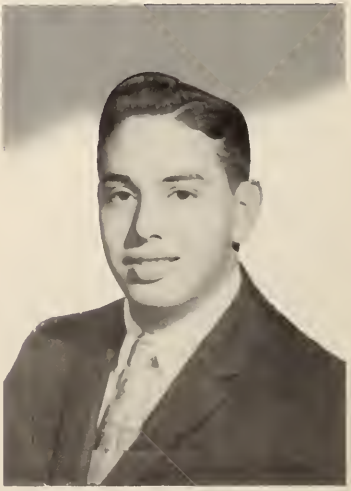
National Student Association, delegate; *Commentator*; Chemistry Society; Pre-Medical Society; Tennis



JOEL HOWARD KAPLAN
Far Rockaway, N. Y. *Pre-Med*
MASMID, sports editor; Commentator, managing editor; Tennis; Chess; Basketball; Pre-Medical Society; Chess Club; Senior-Freshman Guidance; Freshman Council; Sophomore Council; Junior Council

ALEXANDER I. J. KATZ
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Pre-Dental*
Biology Society, president; Assistant Athletic Manager; Wrestling; Pre-Medical Society; Commentator; Committees: Building Repairs, Clean Up, Food

SAMUEL KAYE
Jersey City, N.J. *Pre-Med*
Co-op, canteen manager; Pre-Medical Society; Biology Society; Committees: Building



ELI KIRSHBLUM
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Sociology*
Tennis; Pre-Law Society; Sociology Club

ROBERT KLEIN

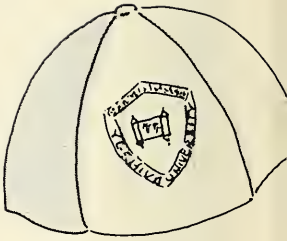
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Biology*

Biology Society; Music Club; Chug Ivri; Zionist Organization of Yeshiva; Committees: Food, Clean Up; Fencing

WILLIAM PAUL KLEIN

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Pre-Med*

Pre-Medical Society, vice president; French Club, secretary-treasurer; MASMID, co-typing editor; *Commentator;* Tennis Team, manager; Choral Society; Student Resident Organization, secretary-treasurer; Senior-Freshman Guidance; Y.U.A.A.; Freshman Council; Sophomore Council; Committees: Building and Repairs; Senior Varsity Show; Biology Society



JAY L. KORN

New York, N. Y. *Pre-Med*

Pre-Medical Society; Chemistry Society; Chess Club, secretary-treasurer; *Commentator;* Fencing; Committees: Library

OSCAR J. KRANZ

Bronx, N. Y. *Pre-Med*

Pre-Medical Society; Young Democrats, secretary; Soccer Team; French Club

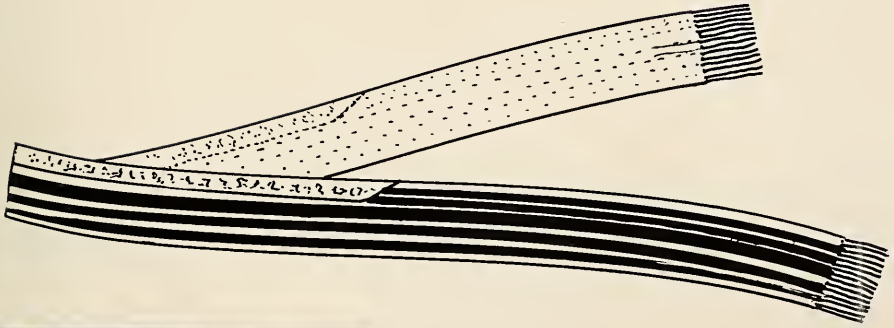
SHIMON KWESTEL

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Chemistry*

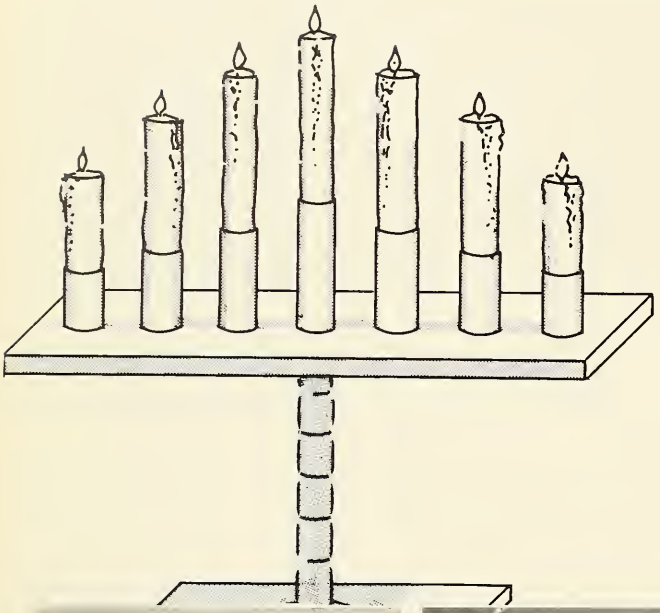
S.A.C., chairman '56-'57; Senior Freshman Guidance; Senior Class, president; MASMID, business manager; Used Book Exchange, chairman; Chemistry Society; Swimming Instructor; Young Democrats; Senior Advisor to S.A.C. '57-'58; Committees: Student Faculty, Awards, chairman, Building and Repairs, Canvassing.

ARNOLD ABRAHAM LAMM
Bronx, N. Y. *Hebrew*

FREDERIC LASSER
New York, N. Y. *Clasical Languages*
Nir, editor; Eranos; Eta Sigma Phi; Soccer



SHEPPARD M. LEVINE
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Pre-Dental*
MASMID, literary editor; Student Residence Organization Court; Junior Council; Dean's Reception; Co-op; *Scroll*, associate feature editor; Pre-Medical Society; Biology Society; Committees: Food, Library



PAUL LIEBERMAN
Bronx, N. Y. *Chemistry*
Chemistry Society; Physics Club

NATHAN MEISELMAN
Bronx, N. Y. *Pre-Dental*
Basketball; Young Democrats, vice president; Physics Club; Pre-Medical Society; *Commentator;* S.A.C., production manager; Blood Drive, co-chairman; Senior Council; Committees: Awards, Senior Dinner, Canvassing, co-chairman

CHAIM NAJMAN
Bronx, N. Y. *English*
Commentator; MASMID; Choral Society

TSVI NUSSBAUM
New York, N. Y. *Pre-Med*
Pre-Medical Society; Chemistry Society; MASMID; Senior Class, vice president

MICHA FALK OPPENHEIM
New York, N. Y. *Sociology*
I.R.S.; Sociology Club; Choral Society; Senior Varsity Show

CHARLES PATT
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Math*
Mathematics Club, president; Chess Club, vice president; Chess Team, captain; Co-op, manager; Commentator; MASMID; Committees: Canvassing, Publicity

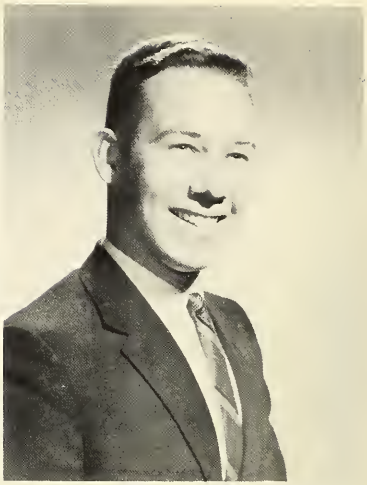
LESTER POLLAK
Bronx, N. Y. *Pre-Med*
Pre-Medical Society

JEROME POMERANTZ
Bronx, N. Y. *History*

JERRY QUINT

Liberty, N. Y. *Pre-Med*

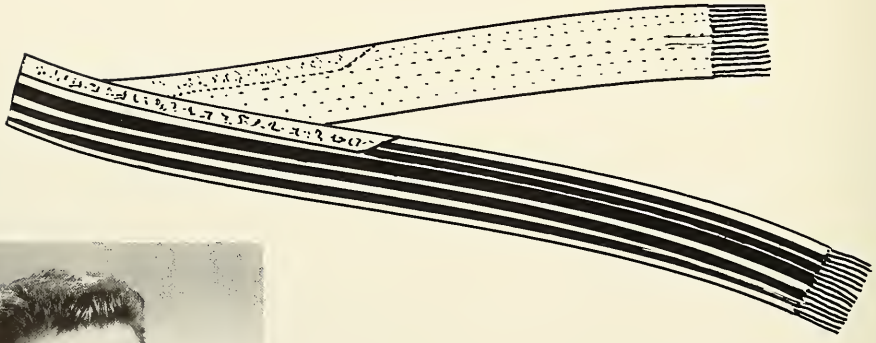
Tennis Team, captain; Student Resident Organization, secretary-treasurer; Student Court; Senior Varsity Show; Pre-Medical Society; Dormitory Executive Committee, chairman



DANIEL MORDECAI RICH

New York, N. Y. *Psychology*

Psychology Club; Co-op; Dean's Reception; Committees: Building and Repairs



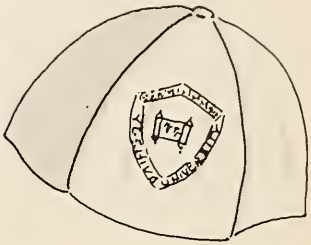
HARVEY ROSEN

Bronx, N. Y. *Pre-Dental*

Blood Drive, co-chairman; Basketball; Wrestling; Pre-Medical Society; Young Democrats

JOSEPH ROTHBERGER
Astoria, N. Y. *Hebrew*
Hebrew Club; Sociology Club; Choral Society, president

LEO RUBIN
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Pre-Med*
Pre-Medical Society; Photography Club, vice president; MASMID; Senior Council; Dean's Reception; Committees: Food



MAIER C. SADWIN
Mattapan, Mass. *Math*
Tennis Team, Varsity manager; Mathematics Club; Choral Society; Commentator

JACOB JOCHANAN SAFRA
Miami Beach, Fla. *Physics*

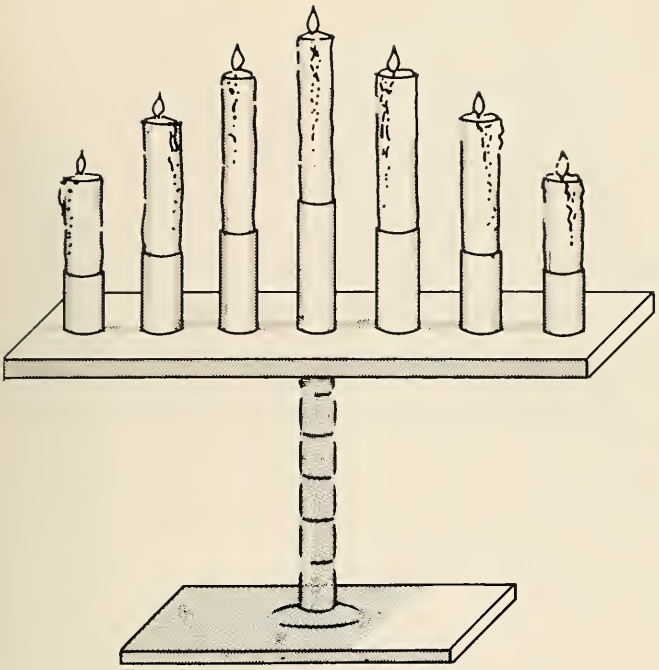
ANSHEL SCHACHTER
New York, N. Y. *Pre-Dental*
Soccer Team, captain; MASMID; Commentator; Senior Freshman Guidance; Co-op; Biology Society; Chemistry Society; Committees: Library, Publicity

SIMEON SCHREIBER
New York, N. Y. *English*
Tennis; MASMID; Commentator; Co-op, mail order manager; Senior-Freshman Guidance; Pre-Medical Society

MORTON DAVID SEEWALD
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Economics*
Co-op; Commentator; Pre-Medical Society; Chess; Fencing; Bowling

ABRAHAM SHAPIRO
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Political Science*
I.R.S., president; Commentator, editor-in-chief; *You The Student*, editor; Young Democrats, treasurer; Pre-Law Society, secretary-treasurer; Student Resident Organization; Debating Society, general manager, secretary-treasurer; Committees: Building and Repairs, Clean Up

HARVEY Z. SENTER
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Math*
Mathematics Club



LEONARD ZELIG SHAPIRO

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Pre-Med*

Pre-Medical Society; Fencing; Freshman Class, president; Sophomore Class, president; French Club, vice president; S.A.C., club coordinator; co-op; Dean's Reception; Basketball; Committees: Food, chairman

JOSEPH A. SINGER

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Pre-Med*

Pre-Medical Society, president; Dean's Reception; Senior Varsity Show, co-author; Biology Society; Pre-Varsity Debating Society, president; S.A.C., co-chairman; Commentator; Tennis; Sophomore Council

JACOB E. STEINHORN

Bronx, N. Y. *Hebrew*

Basketball Team, assistant manager; Eaos; Jewish Philosophy Society; Choral Society; Eta Sigma Phi

IRA STEINMETZ

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Sociology*

Basketball Team, captain; Sociology Club

JOSEPH B. STERN

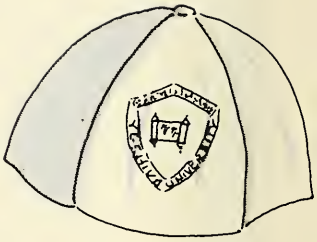
Israel *Political Science*

I.R.S.; Zionist Organization of Yeshiva; Sociology Club

HERMAN STONE

New York, N. Y. *Pre-Dental*

Athletic Manager, Senior class; Co-op; Committees: Library, chairman; MASMID; Pre-Medical Society; Mathematics Club; Chemistry Society; Bowling; Basketball



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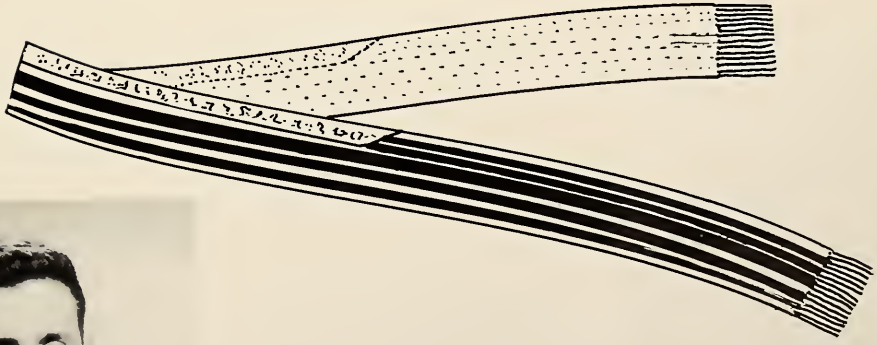

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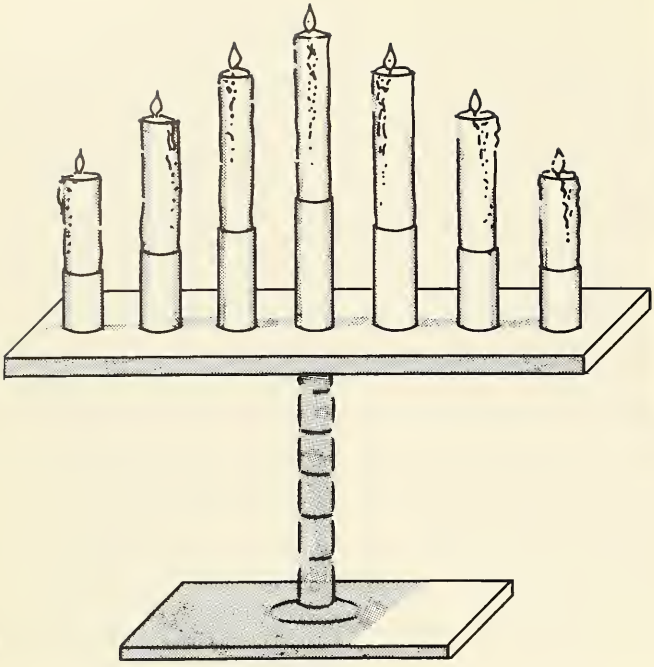

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